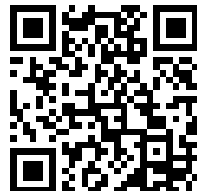


---

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<http://books.google.com>



PRICE SIXPENCE.

D A  
932  
.2  
C6  
R4  
1907a  
MAIN

# St Columcille

in Irish and English  
a REDEMPTORIST FATHER.



*I look from the high prow of my boat, on the wide sea  
and there are tears in my eyes as I turn to Eire.*

DUBLIN  
M. H. GILL & SON, LTD.

DA  
989  
S  
CO  
1907  
MVA



52  
PRICE SIXPENCE.

# Dom Columcille

in Irish and English  
by a REDEMPTORIST FATHER.



I look from the high prow of my boat on the wide sea  
and there are tears in my eyes as I listen to Eire.

DUBLIN  
M. H. GILL & SON. LTD.



**naomh columcille**

**THE LIFE  
OF  
ST. COLUMCILLE**

**In Irish and English**

**BY  
A REDEMPTORIST FATHER**

**Dublin  
M. H. GILL & SON Ltd.**

**1907**

Repl.:

~~DA 932.2.C6.R4~~

MAIN

**Permissu Superiorum.**

**Nihil Obstat :**

**JOSEPH MARIA UA CEALLACHAIN,  
CENSOR THEOL. DEPUT.**

**Imprimi Potest :**

**✠ GULIELMUS,  
ARCHIEP. DUBLINEN.  
HIBERNIÆ PRIMAS.**

***Dublino, die 29 Julii, 1907.***

*In obedience to the Decree of Urban VIII., the author declares that he has no intention of attributing any other than purely human authority to the miracles, revelations, favours and particular cases related in this book.*

**PRINTED AND BOUND IN IRELAND.**

DA 932

.2

C6 R4

1907a

MAIN

In compliance with current copyright  
law, U. C. Library Bindery produced  
this replacement volume on paper  
that meets ANSI Standard Z39.48-  
1984 to replace the irreparably  
deteriorated original

1998





# naomh columcille.

## A Foreword to my Readers.



*HE Life of this great Saint is not written in a way to recommend it to many whose opinions lead in certain literary circles to-day. I offer no apology. "Let every man abound in his own sense."*

*History is written in two ways. Both have their merits and their faults. The one, with a kindly trust in the honesty of those who have gone before, accepts his authorities as he finds them, and so shapes his tale—this I have done. The other sifts and sifts to find out what he calls the exact truth, acting in the process as if witnesses were more likely to be telling lies than truth. As a result he presents often dry and not too sweet-smelling bones which he calls history, overlooking the fact that in the telling of his tale he may be as much the victim of preconceived ideas as the mediæval chronicler he laughs to scorn.*

*But is not my plan a-playing fast and loose with truth? I do not think so. What comes from the past you may call legends if you will, but in the old sense of the word "legenda," things to be read. Read, then, dear reader, my story of Columcille. All that is here written may or may not be well founded, yet those who handed us down these accounts were as worthy of credence as the men who to-day laugh at what they are pleased to call childish credulity.*

*No doubt the miraculous will figure largely in this little book, but not too largely for those who believe that "God is wonderful in His saints."*

*We present the Life of St. Columcille in Irish to the Gaels of Ireland and Scotland, in English to the Saxons. He laboured much for Gael and Scot and Saxon, and loved them well. May this Life help them to know and love him.*

*The truly marvellous success of "naomh pádraig" gives me, indeed, good hope that "naomh Columcille," too, will make our Saint better known and better loved.*

*St. Patrick's, Esker, Athenry,  
Feast of St. Columcille, 1907.*

## beata naomh Columcille.

### A BREIT.

Do rugaó Naomh Columcille ar an reachtaró lá de mhí na Nollag tuairim na bliana 521, i nGartan i nDún na nGall.

Férdlim do b'ainm o'a ádair agus Éitne ainm a mátar.

Do fíolraigh an beirt ó'n tpeib do b'airle o'a maib i n-Éirinn. De fliocht na n-áit-mígh do b'eató férdlim agus do fíolraib Éitne ó míghib Cúige Laigean.

Mar bárr ar uairleáct a mbearta bíodar na gcrior-tuirt, maite, noiaó, gcartanaca.

Tamall beag noim breit Columcille, do deinead b'ion-glóir iongantac o'a mátar. Ceap sí go bpaca sí aingeal as teact fá 'na déim agus coéall-cinn de gac don t-rasár dat ní b'áilne ná a céile, 'na lámair aige. Do tairg an t-aingeal an coéall oí; do rug Éitne air go fonnmar, ac fairsior! do fnap an t-aingeal uata e, agus o'áituis ré or a cionn é; anhran do gluar ré go bog réir t'rio an aer.

Do glac cumha agus b'ion Éitne nuair a connac sí an coéall as imteact uaithe, agus dubairt sí leis an aingeal:—  
“Cao uime go t'óghann tú uaim com luat ran an coéall b'eadg áluinn rin?”

“Mar,” arfa 'n t-aingeal, “tá ré com móiró ran nac réitior uirt é cimead níor fuide, agus ip liom-ra e.”  
O'eirg an coéall níor doirde fór agus do gluar ré ar aghair or cionn na mág agus na pléibte n-áit.

Anhran dubairt an t-aingeal léi, “Cuir uait an b'ion go léir, óir beirparó tú mac oirdearc, a beirdear 'na fáiró Dé, agus t'reorócaró ré anmanna na noaone cun na beata fíorfuide.”

Do úirg Éitne ar a b'ionglóir, agus do bí a c'ioirde líonta le gáirdeacár. Do rugaó an leantó tamall gárr 'na díaró rin. Tairbeántar an leac fór ar ar rugaó é.

# LIFE OF ST. COLUMCILLE.

---

## HIS BIRTH.

ST. COLUMCILLE was born in Gartan in the County Donegal, on the Seventh of December, about the year 521.

His father's name was Feilim, and Ethnea was the name of his mother. They both came of royal blood, for Feilim sprang from the same stock as the High Kings of Ireland, and Ethnea was descended from the Kings of Leinster. They crowned the nobility of their birth by their own good, pious and charitable lives.

The mother of our Saint was favoured with a wonderful dream previous to the birth of her child. She thought she saw an Angel coming to her and holding in his hands a beautifully embroidered veil of many charming colours. The Angel offered her the veil, and Ethnea eagerly laid hold of it. But no sooner had she taken it than the Angel seemed to snatch it from her and raise it high in the air, where it floated softly and gently away. Ethnea became very sad at seeing the veil being taken from her, and said to the Angel: "Why do you take away so soon from me that beautiful veil?"

"Because," answered the Angel, "it is so magnificent you cannot keep it any longer. And it is mine."

And, lo! the veil rose higher still and moved away over the plains and lofty mountains.

Then the Angel said to her: "Put away all sadness, for you shall bring forth an illustrious son, who will be a Prophet of God, and a great leader and guide of souls in the way of salvation."

Then Ethnea awoke from her dream, and her heart overflowed with joy.

The child was born soon after, and a stone at Gartan still points out the place of his birth.

## AN ÉLUC I NGAITIAN AGUS NA DEORAITHE.

TAGANN DEORAITHE BOCTA NA h-ÉIREANN, AR FÁGAINT A  
 OTIPE DÚTCAIR DOIB, SO OTÍ AIT BEARTÁ COLUMCILLE CUN  
 NEART AGUS RÓLÁR AIGNE O'FÁGÁIL. TÁ FÍOR ACA SO MAIT SO  
 IAD COLUMCILLE FEIN 'NA DEORAITHE AGUS BIDEANN DÓCAR  
 LÁIROIR ACA SO SCABRODÁIR RÉ LEÓ I OTÍOIRTAIB I BFAO I SCÉIN  
 IMEARIS NA SCOISGRIÓD.

IY IOMDÁ DEÓR DO FÍLEAD AR AN SCAPPAIS RIN, AGUS MO  
 LEUN! FÍLTEAR DEÓRA UIRRI FÓR. SO OTUGAÍR DIA TRÍD  
 IMPRÓD COLUMCILLE SO SCORSTAIR, NÓ SO LAISDÓCAR AR AN  
 FÍOR-IMIRCE REO NA NGAETHAL.

## A BAISTE AGUS A AINIM.

DO BAISTEAD AN LEANB I OTEAMPULL DUBGLAIRE, AGUS  
 CUIITNEACÁN AINIM AN T-FAGAIRT DO BAIPT É.

DEIRTEAR SUIOMHÁNN A TUGAD MAP AINIM AIR NUAIR A  
 BAISTEAD É, AÓT O'ÁTHUIS A COM-DALTAÍ É RIN SO COLUM-  
 CILLE. 'SÉ A CIALLUIGEANN COLUMCILLE NÁ "COLUM NA  
 CILLE," AGUS DO TUILL FE AN T-AINIM RIN BÍ RÉ COM CAOM COM  
 CEANNRA, COM RUDÁILCEAD RAN, AGUS DO BÍ AN OIREAD RAN  
 GRÁDÁ AIGE CUN CUIRTEANNA DO DEANAM AR AN EAGLAIR.

O'EIRIS COLUMCILLE RUAR 'NA GAIRRÚN GRÁDÓMAR RUDÁIL-  
 CEAD. DA MÓR AN GRÁD A BÍ AIGE O'Á CUIO LEIGINN, AGUS DÁ  
 BRIS RIN, NÍ IADB RÉ A BFAO AS FOGLUIM CIONNUR LEIGEAD AGUS  
 RSHÍODAD DO DEANAM. D'É CUIITNEACÁN, AN FAGAIRT DO BAIPT  
 É, AN CUIO OIRDE A BÍ AIGE I SCILL MÍC NEON, ÁRUR RÍOGBÁ A  
 AÓTAR AGUS A MÁTAR.

DEIRTEAR SO NDEINTÍ AN AIBHICIR AN T-AM RO I BUIRIM  
 CÁCAÍ, CUN NA LEANBAIRDE DO BHOPTUGAD CUN A FOGLUMTA,  
 AGUS IY DÓICÍGE SO BFAGAIÓIR NA CÁCAÍ BEAGA LE N-ITE  
 NUAIR A BEAD A SCEADTA FOGLUMUISGTE ACA.

DA MAIT AN RUO A LEITÉIRÍ RIN DE CÁCAIB DO DEANAM  
 ANOIR AGUS IAD DO TABAIRT DO NA PÁIRTOIB DO B'FEARR A  
 LABARRAD AN GAETHILIS. D' OIREAMNAC AN T-AINIM, "CÁCAÍ  
 COLUMCILLE" A TABAIRT OIRRA.



### THE STONE AT GARTAN AND THE EXILES.

Before they leave their native land the poor exiles of Erin come for strength and consolation to the birthplace of Columcille. They know well that Columcille was himself in exile, and so they hope he will help and comfort them in the strange lands to which they are going.

Many a tear has been shed on the stone at Gartan, and, alas! tears are flowing upon it still. May God, through the prayers of Columcille, deign to put a stop to the exile and wandering of the Gael.

### BAPTISM AND NAME.

The child was baptised soon after his birth, in Temple Douglas. The name of the priest who baptised him was Crunachan.

It is said that the name our Saint received in baptism was Crimthan. That name was, however, changed to Columcille later in life. The Saint's companions and brethren called him Columcille, which means "the dove of the Church," because he was gentle, mild, and of dove-like innocence, and loved to spend his time in frequent visits to the Church. The Saint is now very commonly called Columba, which is the Latin for "dove." It is better and more becoming to call our Saint by his Irish name of Colum or Columcille.

Columcille grew up a graceful and amiable boy. He greatly loved his lessons, and quickly learned to read and write. The priest, St. Crunachan, the same who baptised him, was his teacher in Killmacreanan, the princely residence of his father and mother.

The letters of the alphabet, we are told, were made in the form of little cakes in order to stimulate the children to learn them more speedily. For it appears likely the pupils got the cakes to eat according as they mastered their tasks.

It would, indeed, be a pleasing custom to give "St. Colum's cakes" in our schools in order to encourage the children to greater study, and to reward those especially who know best the Language and History of Ireland.

## Aingeal Columcille.

Mar gheall ar Columcille beit com naomhta ran, tug Dia aipe rpirialta do, agus do cuir Sé aingeal fé leit cuige cun cabruigste leir. Auxil, i. "cabair," do b'ainm do. Orðce aipigste táinig Auxil agus é gleurta i gculair lonnrac, agus do labair fé leir an mbuadcaill naomhta, "Oibpíg go feara-mail, agus tuill flaitear Dé do v'anam. Do cuir Dia tura fé mo tearmainn-re, cun go mberóinn mar tneoruirde agus mar corantóir agat i ngac nio, ar eagla go mbuailfeá do cor i gcoinnib cloice." Auxil ir ainm dom, agus 'fé an fáct gur tugad an t-ainim rin oim mar caicpíó mé aipe mait a tabairt duit-re, agus tú coraint ar cealtgaib an diabail, an domhain, agus na colna."

Annran v'fiappuig Columcille de, "Druil na h-aingil go léir com h-ós, com geal, agus com h-áluinn leat-ra?"

O'fneagair an t-aingeal é, "Tá mo cularó-ra, agus cularóeada na n-aingeal go léir com h-áluinn, com h-uarat, agus com glóirhar ran, ná feutorá feucaint opta le v'fúilib corporóda, agus do geobrá báp láitneac dá bfeicrá glóir na n-aingeal i bflaitear Dé; má'r mian leat, áh, mo cularó lonnrac-ra do caiteam agus beit páirteac im' glóir véan toil an Tigearna agus cleact rubailtear."

"Déanfad ran," appa Columcille; "agus anoir gearr comhartha na Cnoire Céarta ar mo cnoirde agus ar mo colainn go léir." Do dein an t-aingeal amlair, agus annran v'eitil fé ruar ar neamh.

Táinig atpugad móir ar Columcille ar ran amac, agus v'oibpíg fé níor oitire agus níor dúctactaige i peirbír Dé.

## na trí tíoðlaicte.

Lá eile táinig an t-aingeal cuige aipir agus dubairt fé leir, "Iapp ar Dia go vtabarfad Sé duit na trí tíoðlaicte ir mó a taitnean leat, agus tabarfaid Sé duit iad."

"Ir mait an rgeul é rin," appa Columcille, "tógaim Seanmnuirdeact agus eagla."

### ST. COLUMCILLE'S ANGEL.

St. Columcille was so holy God took special care of him, and sent a particular Angel to guard and assist him. Auxil (which means "help") was the Angel's name.

On a certain night this Angel, clothed in shining raiment, came, and thus addressed the holy boy: "God be with you! Do manfully, and prepare your soul. God has placed you under my care in order that I may guide and protect you in all things, lest you dash your foot against a stone."

"Who are you, and whence are you?" asked the young boy. The Angel answered: "My name is Auxil on account of the care I must take of you. I must guard you against the deceits of the devil, the world, and the flesh." Columcille then inquired of him: "Do all the Angels appear as bright, as young, and as beautiful as you do?" The Angel made answer: "My garments and the garments and glory of the Angels are so beautiful, so noble, so splendid, that you could not behold them in this life; and you should die if you were to behold the glory of the Angels as they are in heaven. If you wish, however, to wear my shining garments, and to share my glory, lead a holy life and practise virtue."

"That I will do," said Columcille; "and now sign my heart and my whole body with the sign of the Holy Cross." The Angel did so, and disappeared from the boy's sight. A great change came over Columcille from that time forward, and he became more faithful and diligent in the service of God.

---

### THE THREE GIFTS.

The Angel appeared again on another day and said: "Beg of God to grant you the three gifts that please you most, and He will give them to you." "That is good news," answered Columcille, "and I choose Virginity and Wisdom."

"You made a good choice," said the Angel; "and you will get in addition to these the gift of Prophecy."

"Ír maít an toḡa a ḡeinir," ar an t-aingeal, agus geobair mar tuille leó ro cíoblaíod na Tairnḡneacṡa.

Ní cúirge bí an t-aingeal imtḡste ná táinig cúirge tríd de na maḡṡṡeanaib do b' áilne o'd b'feacair ré maíh, agus do cúirṡeodar i n-íúil do ḡur tḡarṡuḡ uacṡa labairt leir. Do ḡuio Columcille i leat-taoib cun iad do ḡṡaoilead tairir mar níor áitín ré iad. Adt do ḡḡuio ré a mírnead agus do labair ré leo, "Cé h-íad ríob-re?" ar ré.

"Tríd veirḡṡeacṡaí reat rínn-na," ar ríad, "agus na corh-ḡalṡaí do tairḡ ar n-áṡaí duit-re."

"Agus cé h-é buir n-áṡaí?" arṡa Columcille.

"Slánuḡṡṡeoir an doṡaín" ar ríad.

"Cao iad buir n-ainimneacṡa?" ar reirṡean.

"ḡeannnaibṡeact, eḡna agus Tairnḡneacṡa, rín iad ar n-ainimneacṡa agus beirṡmíto i o'foṡaí-re i ḡcomnuirde;" annṡan o'imtḡṡeacṡaí ar a raḡaíre.

O'n lá ran anuair do ḡein Columcille lom a ḡíṡill cun Subáilṡeact, eḡna, agus ḡeannnuirṡeact, do cleacṡad, agus do ḡronn Dia air cíoblaíod na tairnḡṡeacṡa cun foillrḡṡad do ḡeanaíh ar níṡṡib le teact.

### slán le n-a baile ḡúṡṡaís.

Do b'ḡḡín do Columcille rlán o'ḡḡaint anoir le n-a baile-ḡúṡṡaí. Ír minic do ríubal ré tríd a ḡleanṡṡaib doimne, ṡaí a rleibṡib ároa, agus ar ciumṡaíob a loṡ nḡeal.

Caítríob ré imteact anoir ó n-a máṡaí naomṡa, éitne, agus ó n-a veirḡṡíuṡa caoine cṡearta, a áṡaí agus a ṡeairḡáitṡeacṡa. Do ḡoill ré ḡo mór ar Columcille rḡaraíhaint ó n-a ḡaolṡaib agus ó n-a áṡaíob, agus ó áit a ṡearta; adt ar a rón ran réin do ḡein ré é ḡo toileamṡail agus ḡo lán-tráṡa ar rón ḡlóirṡe oé, agus cun a tola naomṡa do ḡeanaíh.

### máḡ-ḡile.

Oir ná raib don áro-ḡoill ran am ro i n'ḡún na nḡail, cúair Columcille ḡo máḡ-ḡile ar buac loṡa Cuain.

No sooner had the Angel left him than there came three most beautiful maidens, and showed by their manner a desire to speak to him. Columcille retired a little to let them pass, for he did not know them. But presently he summoned up courage and addressed them respectfully, asking them who they were. "We are three sisters," said they, "and the companions offered to you by our father." "And who is your father?" inquired Columcille. "The Saviour of the World," said they. "And what are your names?" asked Columcille. "Our names are Virginity, Wisdom and Prophecy, and we shall be with you always." They then disappeared from his sight.

From that day forward Chastity and Wisdom shone in all his words and actions, and God bestowed upon him the gift of Prophecy to foretell future events.

---

#### **COLUMCILLE LEAVES HOME FOR THE GREAT SCHOOLS.**

From earliest youth, Columcille was filled with a great desire of knowledge, and he now prepares to leave home in search of the best masters. He loved the valleys and mountains and bright lakes of his native place. He loved his holy mother, Ethnea, and his gentle sisters, Cumine and Meencoa, and his good father and brothers. So it sorely grieved Columcille to separate from all these. But he made the sacrifice, nevertheless, and cheerfully, too, for God's sake, and in order to become learned in the science of the Saints and in all knowledge.

As there was no famous school at that time in his own Donegal, Columcille went to Moville, on Strangford Lough, in Co. Down. This illustrious school was founded by St. Finian about the year 530. Columcille remained a considerable time at Moville, studying all branches of learning. He became very learned there, especially in the Holy Scriptures. It is probable he received Deacon's Orders in Moville.



'Sé Naomh Fionán 'do cuir an Sgoil clúmhail reo ar bun tuairim na bliadhna 530.

'O'fan ré tamall maí i Mág-Dile ag léigead na Scrup-túirí agus 'o'eirig ré an-eolgaó ionnta.

I'r deamhatac gurab annro 'reao 'o'orouigeao 'na deocán é.

Lá dá raib ré ag freasraoi an aiprinn, 'do tárla ná raib aon fion le fagáil, agus bí an fagairt, agus a raib láirneac go mór t'ne céile mar g'eall air.

Cao a 'dein Columcille nuair a connaic ré an cruao-cár 'na raib an fagairt? 'Do rug ré ar ártac; 'do rit ré go t'ci an tobair leir; 'do lion ré le h-uirge é, agus 'do deannuig ré é, agus feuc! b'é toil 'Dó an uile-comhacta gur veineao fion de'n uirge. 'Do tug ré 'do'n fagairt é, agus annran 'do léig an fagairt an t-aipreann. 'Do tug a raib láirneac molaó agus ceuo míle buirdeacar 'do 'Dia.

### AN BÁRO SEAMÁN.

Le linn an ama ro 'do mair i n-lar-Míde reanouine d'arb' ainm 'do Seamán.

Sean-fear léigeannta uasal 'do b'eao é agus ní raib aon ceóla le n-a raib 'o' eoluir ar rtair agus ar filirdeact na h-Éireann. 'Bí társ a léiginn leacta ar fuair na tíne. 'Do truaill Columcille ré 'dein an rtairíde léigeannta agus an file oirdeiric reo, mar ba mian leir a beir clirte i n-gac nio a bain le rtair nó le filirdeact a tíne d'úctair.

'Do meudais ar a cuio eoluir agus 'do cuair ré go mór cun cinn ré rtairíde Seamán.

Lá dá rabadarí araon amuis ra páirc ag léigead, connacadarí cailín ós ag rit le n-a h-anam agus fear ropoc-aigeanntac ar a tóir agus pleas 'na láim aise.

Nuair a connaic an cailín boct an beirt, 'do 'dein sí oirta ag iarraid cadraic agus coimrice.

'Do tugadarí forsgaó dí, áct mo leun! níon cuir an ropoc-fear ro ploc ruime ionnta; 'o'árouis ré a pleas, agus 'do buail ré an cailín boct le buille trom nimneac; 'do cuair an pleas trití glan, agus 'do tuit sí marb ór a gcomhair.

"An fada fásairí 'Dia an coir reo san díogaltar?" arsa Seamán.

We are told that one day when he was serving Mass it was discovered there was no wine. The priest and all who were present were greatly distressed. Then Columcille took up a vessel, ran to the well near at hand, drew water and blessed it, and, behold! by God's Almighty power, the water was changed into wine. This wine he offered to the priest at the altar and Mass was said. All present praised God for His wonderful works.

---

#### **COLUMCILLE GOES TO THE BARD IN WESTMEATH.**

There lived at this time in Westmeath a venerable Bard called Geman. He was, indeed, a grand, old man, whose knowledge of Irish history and poetry was in the mouths of all the people. Columcille journeyed to the abode of this distinguished historian and poet, for he earnestly desired to become very learned and very skilful in the history and poetry of his native land. He progressed rapidly under this able master.

It is related that on a certain day when Geman and Columcille were in the fields reading they saw a girl running for her life, and a wicked man, armed with a spear, pursuing after her. When the poor girl saw the two men she directed her flight towards them, seeking refuge and help. They tried to protect and save her life, but the wicked man paid no attention to them. He rushed upon her, with his spear raised high, and struck her. The spear pierced through and through, and she fell dead before them.

"How long will God suffer this crime to go unpunished?" said Geman. "Not a moment," answered Columcille. "This very instant whilst the soul of the girl shall fly up to Heaven, the soul of the wicked man shall go down to Hell." And at the very moment the man fell dead. The

"Nóimead na h-uair," arsa Columcille. "Láirnead bonn, agus anam an cáilín seo as gluaiseacht cun flaitir 'Dé, beir anam an fíor malluighe seo o'á raobad ríor go h-íspionn;" ar an nóimead ran do tuit an fear marb as á gcoraid.

Do leat an rgeul ro ar fuair na tíre agus do meudais cáil agus clá Columcille go mór.

### CLUAIN ERAIRO.

Ói eolur beaht anoir as Columcille ar rtair agus ar filrbeaht na h-Éireann; do comhairlig á oide uafal do tuit go Cluan Erairo, áit go raib Oll Sgoil áro-clúmhail.

Ír é Naomh Fionán do cuir ar bun i tuairim na bliadhna 530, ar bhuac na Dóinne.

Níorb'é rin an naomh do cuir Mág-Dile ar bun. Cuir Fionán na mílte fáilte roimh Columcille agus ar reirean leir, "Tós do cillín or comhair doirair na cille."

"Tabair ceat dom, má'r é do toil é," arsa Columcille, "e tógaint as taob na cille."

"Tugaim an ceat ran tuit," arsa Fionán.

D' an-oirdeamnac an áit é seo do réir deamhráim, óir do cáinís an oiread rai manac cun comnuighe 'ran mainirtir gur d'éigín do Fionán doirair eile do bhuirad amac ar aghar cillín Columcille.

Déintí na tighe an uair rin de cleiteadaib, de clápa-caib, agus de ché, agus ba garra é Columcille cun na tictige rin do déanam, cun á coirce féin do meilt, agus cun an talamh do faotrugad.

Ói Naomh Fionán féin go ráir-clirte, i n-eaghnarbeaht agus i noiaúact, agus i n-gac ceáir do bain le faotrugad na talman, le deantúraid na tíre, agus le beirtidís. Do máin ré na ruadai seo go léir o'á rsgoláirib, agus cuir ré iacall oirra go léir, idir íreal a'r uafal, iad do cleaúctad.

Ní h-iongnad gur cáinís na mic léiginn amac ar an rsgoil seo 'n-a rsgoláirib clirte fíor-léigeanra, ní h-amáin i n-eaghnarbeaht agus i noiaúact, áct i n-gac ceáir, agus i n-gac ealaúdain á cuireann i gcumar rir, á páirt ran raozal ro do cóimhlonad na ceair.

news of this event spread far and wide, and the fame of the sanctity of Columcille greatly increased.

---

### **COLUMCILLE GOES TO CLONARD.**

Columcille's knowledge of Irish history and poetry was now very perfect, and his excellent master advised him to go to Clonard, where there was a renowned school or University.

Clonard, on the banks of the Boyne, was founded by St. Finian about the year 530. This St. Finian is not the same who founded the great school at Moville.

St. Finian gave Columcille a right hearty welcome, and said to him: "Build your cell before the door of the church." "Allow me, if it be pleasing to you," said Columcille "to build it away at the side of the church," and St. Finian granted his request. Columcille thereupon built his cell away at a distance from the door of the Church, but soon the scholars so increased in numbers that Finian found it necessary for the convenience of the large community to open another door to the church near the cell of Columcille. The Saint foresaw the wonderful increase.

Houses were commonly made at that time of wattles, boards and clay. Columcille was a perfect master of the art of building such houses, of grinding his own corn, and of cultivating the soil.

St. Finian himself was highly skilled, not only in philosophy and theology, but also in every trade and science appertaining to the cultivation of the land, to manufactures and the care of cattle. All these things he taught his pupils, and he exacted a sound knowledge of them from all his scholars, both high and low.

---

Ar an rgoil reo do táinig an dá-neus fear ro ar a tuagtar, "d'ábrtal deus na h-Éireann."

'Síad na fir móra ro do dainis na cneavearh i n-Éireann, agus do tug cun críche obair pádrais agus b'risgoe.

Ba ní-mait an t-oide-rgoile é fionán, agus ba ní-mait an móo múinte a bí aige; an móo do b'feair b'féoir a bí niam ar talamh na cruinne.

Nac mairis gan a letéir rin de máigirtir, agus a letéir rin de móo agann i n-Éirinn anoir!

La dirigte, táinig fear dáró' ainm Seamán (ir uóicige sur b'é an ceo oide a bí ag Columcille é), cun Naomh fionán agus ar reirean leir, "Máin dom cionnur an talamh do faotruisad agus do learuisad, i tcead go b'fárraid torca agus b'fárraí go flúirreac, agus cabairfid mé duit an dán ro adá cúmta agam."

"Cá go mait," arsa Naomh fionán; agus ní raib náire ar bit ar an mbáro dro-neimeac ro out ar rgoil dirir.

Bí an rppio agus an mirneac ceart i gceorbe an trean-báiro reo.

Nuair d'fág Columcille an dro-rgoil reo, bí ré go ráir-éirte i n-gac ealaóain agus i n-gac ceáro a n-áirí cun glóire Dé do meoruíad, agus cun ronair a' réin a cur ar a tír dútcáir.

Ní h-amáin go raib ré 'na easnuide léigeanca agus 'na diaóaire ráir-dóimín, áct bí ré mar a' gceudna 'na éiríóaire, 'na tógbáirde-tige roánta, agus 'na ceartuide ráir-éirte.

Ca b'fior d'éinne ná go n-eiríóacá aicme fear i n-Éirinn fíor mar Columcille: fir a cuirreac crot, agus ríacé agus ronair ar an outaig go léir; fir a tógfaid tigte do na boctaid—tigte fáirringe oireamháca go mbead, ar a luigead crí reómpaí agus cipóin ag gabáil leó.

Dá mbead ceartuóide na h-Éireann i n-ánn tigte do tógbáil le cleatácaid agus le clíraícaid ar nór Colum, do bead tigte go flúirreac ag boctaid na h-Éireann—tigte clutáira compórtaca.

Níl don dá nór ir gáórtáige i n-Éirinn inoiu, na faotruisad na talman, agus tógbáil tigte do na boctaid.

Iarraimir ar Columcille cabruisad linn ran dá nór reo!



It is no wonder that the young men left this school finished scholars in sacred science and philosophy, and in every trade and art that tend to make a man capable of more worthily fulfilling all the duties of his state in this world.

It was from Clonard came forth those twelve great men, who are called "The twelve apostles of Erin." They were the great men who built up Ireland, and completed the work of Patrick and Brigid. Finian of Clonard was truly a great and good schoolmaster; and truly good was his system of teaching—as good, indeed, as ever existed in this world.

On a certain day the Bard, Geman, the same who taught Columcille, came to St. Finian and said to him: "Teach me the art of cultivating the land and tilling the fields to produce abundant crops, and I will give you this poem I have composed." "Very well," said Finian; and this renowned Bard was not ashamed to go to school again to learn all about the cultivation of the soil and the raising of crops. He had, indeed, the right spirit.

While at the great school of Clonard, Columcille became a master in every science and art that could further the welfare of his country and promote God's glory.

For he was not only a great poet, a learned philosopher, a profound theologian, and well versed in the Scriptures, he was also a skilled cultivator of the soil, and a practised and efficient builder.

What a blessed thing it would be if a race of men like Columcille sprang up in Ireland to-day—men who to holiness and learning would join the skilful labour of their hands, and so promote the prosperity of their country?

The cultivation of the soil and the building of houses for the poor are two things much needed to save the country now. May Columcille assist us in these two things!

B

## AN EUGCÓIR MÓR.

Caitéir ná naoim ciora an t-raogail o'fulaing ré mar o'fulaing ar Slánuigteoir, agus o'fulaing Colum móran. Do cuipead coir mór 'na leir tuairim an ama ro agus deirtear gur daorad é. O'fulaing Columcille an eugcóir reo go foirnead nó gur raorad é i láthair Oirneactair na scléir.

Dé Naomh Breandain ó Dhoirra a pléir an ceirt do, agus a cuir i n-iúil dóir go raib ré neamhcionntac; tudaire ré go braca ré colamán foluir ag lonnrad mór-timceall Columcille. Da mór é buideadar Colum ar Breandain, agus bí caradar oláit ó'n am rin eatorra araon an fáir a mairadar. Níl eolur cruinn againn ar cao é an ragar eugcóra do deinead ar Columcille, aet deamruigeann an rgeul gur bain re le cogad éigin a bí dá buaid an uair rin, agus tudaire gur d'é Columcille ba bun leir. Ní raib ré cionntac, am.

## AN DÁ RAE.

Timceall an ama ro connaic Naomh Fionán dá rae—ceann aca ar dat an dír, agus an ceann eile aca ar dat an aigisó gíl. Bí an ceo ceann ag taitneam go foillread ór cionn na h-Éireann agus ór cionn na h-Alban; bí an dara ceann ag foillriugad fion-lár na h-Éireann.

"Cao a cialluigeann ré reo?" arfa 'n Naomh leir féin; agus do tugad an freagra ro air, "An ceo rae, rin Columcille, a beró mar lócrann foillre i n-Éirinn agus i n-Albain: an dara rae, rin Ciarán, mac an t-raoir, a beró mar thilread i lár na h-Éireann."

Do táinig na nóté reo go leir cun críche 'na diad rin, agus do cómlonad go beact iad.

## GLAS NAIRÍN.

Da mór é mian Columcille a cur oirneactair a éirid-nugad i n-áir-Sgoil i n-aice Baile áta Clat ar a nglaocti Glas Nairín. Sé Naomh Móbí, no Depcán do cuir an

### THE GREAT WRONG

The Saints must suffer like our Lord, and Columcille suffered much. He was accused of a great fault about this time, and, it is said, he was condemned. He bore this injustice patiently until he was justified before a Synod of the Clergy.

It was St. Brendan of Birr who defended him, and upheld his innocence. He said he saw a pillar of light shining beside Columcille. Our Saint was filled with gratitude towards Brendan, and the two Saints were ever after united in the bonds of a close friendship.

We do not know exactly the nature of the accusation which was made against Columcille, but it seems likely it regarded a war which then broke out, and for which Columcille was held by some responsible. The Saint was, however, innocent of that war.

### THE TWO BEAUTIFUL MOONS.

About this period St. Finian had a vision of two beautiful moons—one of gold and the other of silver. The first was shedding a bright light over Ireland and Scotland; the second was illuminating the centre of Ireland.

“What does this mean?” said the Saint to himself, and he received this answer: “The golden moon is Columcille who will be the bright lamp of Ireland and Scotland. The silver moon is Kieran, the son of the carpenter, who will be the torch of middle Ireland.”

We know that all this was afterwards fulfilled in the lives of these holy men.

### COLUMCILLE AT GLASNEVIN.

A great desire now sprang up in Columcille's heart to go to the great school of Glasnevin, on the banks of the Tolka, near the city of Dublin that now is. This great school was

rgoil áro-néimeac ro ar bun tuairim na réamh h-aoire. 'Do cuair ré ann le ceathrú agus beannacht naomh fionáin.

'Do éom Columcille cun oibre annro go dian tóg-  
raireac, agus níor leis ré don lá tairir gan fearar a cup  
ar a cuio léiginn agus ar a fubáilceact.

Oróce áirighe níor feuto na mic léiginn dul cun na  
h-eaglaise le neart tuile o'eirig ar an Tolca, tar éir  
rtoim bairtise. Act dá buirbe é an tuille do gab  
Columcille é nó go rairig ré an eaglais. Annran táinig  
ré ar a gláinib agus do cuir ré ruar a gurde cun Dé na  
glóine, as ráo, "Ir fétir le Dia rinn do fadard ó'n  
scontabairt reo feara;" agus feuc! ar an bpointe boire  
o'airtugheac tigte na mac leigheann agus na manac ó'n  
tcaob tair go tci an tcaob foir de'n abainn, ran ait 'na  
raib an eaglais.

Ar feicrinc na nótce reo do Móbí do tug ré ceo  
molaó ar glóir do Dia ar ron diadacta agus naomhacta  
a fepbíríg Columcille.

### na ceitre gurdeanna.

Tuairim an ama ro do ériocnuig Móbí eaglais breas  
nuad, agus bíodar an ceathrar fear ós ro i látar ann  
i tceannta céile, Cainneac, Ciarán, Comgall agus Colum.

Lá dá radadar as reandur le céile do cuir Móbí an  
ceirt reo cúca, "Cao leir gur maic lib an eaglais reo a  
beic lionta?"

"Le leabaraib," arfa naomh Cainneac, "cun na  
nadaoine do teagars i mbriactuib Dé agus i bfiór-  
éiredeamh Críost."

"Le fir naomha," arfa Ciarán, "cun molaó agus glóine  
do tabairt do Dia i gcomnuirde."

"Le sac raar galair agus breidteacta," arfa naomh  
Comgall, "cun iao go léir o'fulaing go foirneac ar ron  
Dé na glóine."

"Da maic liom-ra" arfa Colum; "go breicrinn é lionta  
le h-ór agus le h-airgead, cun go breutairde mór-  
cuio eaglais, agus moir-cuio mainirtir do tógbail; cun  
culairdeac an áirinn do déanam, agus cun déirce do  
tabairt do doctair Dé."

established by St. Mobi, or Berchan, about the beginning of the sixth century. Columcille went there with the permission and blessing of St. Finian. Here he set to work once more with great energy, and allowed not a day to pass that he did not advance in learning and virtue.

On a certain night many of the students could not come from their cells to the church, as the River Tolka was in flood after a heavy fall of rain. But in spite of all difficulties, Columcille braved the rushing torrent and went to the church. He then raised his eyes in prayer to God and said: "God can deliver us from this trouble for the time to come." And behold! on the spot, the dwellings of the students and monks were changed from where they stood to the other side of the River Tolka where the church was. St. Mobi, seeing these things, glorified God for the piety and sanctity of His servant Columcille.

---

#### THE FOUR WISHES.

About this time St. Mobi finished the building of a new church, and four holy young men—namely, Canice, Kieran, Comgall and Columcille, were all present in it one day with Mobi himself.

As they were speaking together, Mobi asked them a question: "With what kind of treasures would you wish this church to be filled?" "With books," said Canice, "to instruct the people in the knowledge of God and of the Faith." "With holy men," said Kieran, "to be always singing the praises of God." "With diseases and all kinds of sickness," said Comgall, "to suffer them all patiently for God's sake;" and Columcille's wish was, "I should like to see it filled with gold and silver to build many churches and monasteries, to have vestments made, and to give alms to the poor."



"Seobairé fág n-aon agairé a gairde," arsa Móbí,  
 "asur beiré ór a'r airgead go pláirreac as Colum cún a  
 mian féin do cómlionad."

Tá an éiré asur an talam beannuigte i nGlar Nairín,  
 an áit na mbíod an cúigeap Naom ro as gairde de fíor  
 cún Dé na glóire.

Ir minic do fíucladar mór-timceall na h-áite 'na bfuil  
 Párlam-Chatáir na h-Éireann 'na fearam anoir, asur ir  
 minic do deapcudar ar a cuan geal áluinn, doibinn, asur  
 tugadar molaó do Dia a éiríuig é.

Tá eaglaíir nuad Órom Connartha tógta ran áit ceitona  
 'na saib sean-teampull Móbí; ceit molaó le Dia ar fon  
 an áruir bheas nuairé! bíod ré mar cuimneacán buan-  
 fearam asáinn ar ár gcúigeap naom, asur go mór-mór  
 ar Columcille.

### slán le glas nairín.

Do búr pláig millteac marbteac amac tuairim an ama  
 ro asur bí na daoine as fágáil báir 'na fluagtib. Tug  
 Móbí laeteanta raoire d'a macaib léiginn asur do  
 gluairteadar go léir abailé.

Do tug Colum a agairé ó tuairé ar Nán na nGall, áit a  
 bearta. Do fearad na milte fáilte poime ar teact  
 abailé dó.

Úi a cuir oirdeáir éiríuigte anoir, asur ní fada  
 'na diad rin gur éiríuig ré ar an obair móir a bí cearta  
 as Dia do, .i. mainirtreaca asur eaglaíir do tógbáil cún  
 an éiríuig do buanugad, asur cún anmanna do feolaó  
 cún Dé.

### DOIRE.

Da mór an meap asur an gnaó a bí as ríocht Cíneál  
 Connait do Columcille, asur do cairgeadar féin asur a  
 bplata ionad do cún mainirtir asur eaglaíir do tógbáil.  
 Do fág ré a buirdeáir ó éiríuig leo i tsaob a bplaitam.

"Each of you will get his wish," said St. Mobi, "and Columcille will have gold and silver in abundance to fulfil his own wish."

The very soil and earth of Glasnevin is sanctified where those great Saints—Canice, Kieran, Columcille, Comgall and Mobi—lived in the midst of saints and scholars, in the service of God and the practice of virtue.\*

Many a time they walked over the places where the capital of Ireland now stands, and many a time they gazed on the bright and beautiful bay and blessed God who created it.

---

#### FAREWELL TO GLASNEVIN.

A dreadful plague broke out about this time, and the people were dying in multitudes. Mobi gave vacation to his students, and sent them to their homes.

Columcille directed his steps northwards to Donegal, the place of his birth, where he was heartily welcomed on his return.

His education was now perfect indeed, and he began soon afterwards the great work for which he was destined—namely, the building of monasteries and churches for the propagation of the Faith and the salvation of souls.

---

#### ST. COLUMCILLE AT DERRY.

The ancient tribe of the Cinnel Connail greatly loved and esteemed Columcille, and they and their princes offered him the site of a monastery and church.

---

\* St. Columba's new Church, beautiful and majestic, stands to-day, within sight of the holy land of Glasnevin.

laeta. Ní raib ré toilcínneac, áh, a mbronntanar do glacaó, mar d'órvuig Mobí do gan don mainirtir do tógbáil gan ceao uair féin.

Do tárla ar an nóimeao ro oíneac sup táinig ceactairí go Doine le rgeula báir Mobí, agus le ceao uair ar mainirtir agus eaglaí do tógbáil, agus mar deimniúsaó ar a rgeul do tusaóar do cnuor d'fás Mobí fé uadact as Colum ran ar eus fé. Bí Columcille lán-tráta anoir agus do fáib ré buirdeacáir a cnuide le n-a éairuib riala flaiteamla, agus do tórvuig fé gan moill ar an mainirtir agus an eaglaí do tógbáil tuairim na bliathna 545-6. Da móir é fáib Columcille do'n eaglaí reo, agus ir-ionmá uair a éluig a cáit fé innti as gurde cun Dé agus d'á adraó.

Deirtear go b'aca fé annro buirdean aingeal as reinim cedil, agus as canntan glóire Dé.

Tá an éloc ar a mbíod fé as gurde 'ran eaglaí le feircint fór i tsaob amuig de bopur na h-eaglaíre nuairde, ar a nglaoútar anoir, "An Táir fáda." Cuimneacán ar Columcille agus ar a uadact 'reao é.

### LUCT NA DÉIRCE.

Táinig fear boct lá as iarrad déirce, áct ba neamhoireamhnaó an lá cuige é. "Ní tabarfao do' ruo tuir," arfa an manac a bí as ruarad na n'óearc, "mar táinigir mó-óéanaó. Bí annro amárac go luac agus seobair ruo éigin uaim."

Táinig an fear boct go mí-tráctámail airir an lá 'na uaird rin, agus tusaó an fneagra ceurona air. "Imtig anoir," arfa an fear boct, "agus abair le o' uadacarán gan éinne d'eiteac go b'rác airir maran ruo é go mbeir a rtor polam agus ríte amac." Do dein an manac amlaíó. Nuair cuaird Columcille na focail reo do rít re com mear ran i noiar an fín boict sup fás fé a b'óga agus a bairéio 'na uaird. Nuair a táinig fé ruar leir ba móir an t-iongantar a bí air nuair a connaic Slánuigteoir an Domáin i ngné fín déirce. O' umluig fé go talam do, agus do cuir fé a gurde cun Dé.

Columcille thanked them sincerely for their generosity, but he was unwilling, however, to accept their gift, as Mobi commanded him not to build a monastery without his permission.

Just then messengers arrived at Derry bearing the news of Mobi's death, and bringing the permission to build the monastery and church. In confirmation of their story they presented him with Mobi's girdle, which he bequeathed to Columcille before he died.

The Saint was now fully assured, and thanked his generous friends with all his heart, and set to work without delay to build the church and monastery about the year 545-6. Great was Columcille's love for this church of Derry, in the midst of grand oaks. Many an hour he passed there praying and adoring God. The city has been rightly called Derry-Columcille.

It is said he saw there choirs of angels before the altar singing the praises of God. The stone on which the Saint prayed in the church is still to be seen outside the present church, which is now called "The Long Tower," in Derry City.

It is a souvenir of Columcille and of his piety and many prayers.

### THE POOR MAN.

A poor man came one day asking alms, but he came at an unsuitable time. "I will give you nothing," said the monk who was distributing the alms, "as you came too late. Come to-morrow in time, and I will help you."

The poor man came at the wrong time the next day and got the same answer; "Go now to your superior," said the poor man, "and tell him never to refuse the poor unless his store is exhausted." The monk did so.

Nuair fill ré cun na mainistirthead d'óirouig ré o'fear nairta na n'óearc san an t-eiteadap do tabairt d'aon boctán com' fada a'r do beaó bláine ré díon na mainistirthead aige.

Lá eile táinig beirt fear ag iarradó déirce. Tug Columcille déarc mór do úine aca a bí tar éir a máoine agus a cota go léir do cáiteam go oit-éillide ag ite agus ag ól agus ag imirt.

Níor tug ré aet déarc beas, fuairac do'n bfeair a bí boct i gcomnuide. "A a'tair," aip na manais, "cao fá ar deimr an déarc a roinnt mar rin? Ná cóna úit an bheir a tabairt do'n bfeir-boctán i n-ionad é tabairt do'n cáiteadán mi-tairthead fan."

"Imtigró anoir," aip an naom, "agus cíoró ríó an cáiteadán ag roinnt a déirce go rial, imearag na mboct. O' imtigréadar, agus connacadar an ceairbac ro ag roinnt a déirce ar nór flata; agus fuairéadar fairíor! an fear eile maró, agus deic bfeirac d'airgead fuairge na cuir balcairó.

Bí an tair fear rannac agus urcóiréad.

### Colum 'na ságar.

Bí Columcille réir anoir cun óro—deannuigte do glacó.

Bí ré an-leigeanca, an-naomta, agus bí ré aorta a úitín, mar bí ré tuairim deic mbliadna ar fíro.

'Sé naom étcen a bí 'na earbog ar Cluanfada i nveirceair na míre, o' óirouig 'na ságar é. Nuair a cuir Columcille go Cluanfada cá bpaó ré an t-earbog aet ag obair amuis 'ra páine i ndíar an céacota mar ba gnat leir a beic!

Do cuir an t-earbog fáilte fíor-caoín noimr, agus o' óirouig ré 'na ságar é. Fíor ságar dé, agus fíor ságar gaebealac do b'eac Columcille; d'ionganac an méro oibre a deir ré i n-éirinn 'na díar rin. Bí trí nóte curta noimr aige cun a n'óeanta—mainistirthead agus eaglaipí do togbáil: eaglaipí a bí millte agus leagta ar lár do cuir fuar aipir agus do deiríúgac: uraim a tabairt do luaithe na naom, agus rceiréac a déanam úóib.

When Columcille heard these words he ran after the poor man, and so fast that he left his shoes and cap behind him. On overtaking him, what was his astonishment at finding the Saviour of the World under the appearance of that poor man.

He bowed down before Him and prayed.

On returning to the monastery, he ordered the almoner never to refuse a poor person as long as there was anything in the store of the monastery.

On another day two men came asking alms. The Saint gave large alms to one who had squandered his wealth in eating and drinking and sporting. He gave a small alms to the other man, who was always poor.

"Father," said the monks, "why have you acted in that way? Should you not have given more to the really poor man, than to that worthless spendthrift?"

"Go," said the Saint, "and you will see the spendthrift dividing his alms most generously among the poor." They went and found him distributing his alms like a prince; and soon after, alas! they found the other man dead, and ten pieces of money sewed up in his rags.

The second man was avaricious and wicked.

---

#### COLUMCILLE BECOMES A PRIEST.

The Saint was now ready for the priesthood.

He was very learned, very holy, and, of course, sufficiently advanced in years, being about thirty. He was ordained priest by St. Etchen, who was Bishop of Cluanfad, in South Meath.

When he went to Cluanfad where did he find the Bishop but in the field following the plough, as was his custom!

The Bishop welcomed him warmly, and ordained him priest in due time.

D'eirig leir inr na trí nódóib reo ; deirtear gur cuir ré ar bun bheir a' trí píctó eaglais i n-Éirinn. Níl eolur cruinn a' gainn ar an uirthir céart, áct ir féirigh linn a páó le píunne, gur cuir Columcille agus a deirgiobail i n'giorraáct do ceo eaglais ar bun i n-Éirinn.

Ir beag na gur cuir ré ar bun an oiréad mainirtead a' r' do cóg ré d'eaglaisib.

### DARMAIS.

Ní tiocfaó linn cur ríor a deanam ar na mainirteadaib go leir ; ní féirigh linn labairt annro áct ar cuir aca. Do cuir ré ar bun tuairim na bliáda 553, an mainirteir oirdearic a' a nglaoútar Darmais. Tá ré rúóte i gCondae an Ríog, i n-aice le Dúghra.

Ir annran do máir na ceoúta fear naomta foglumta ; annran do fuaireadair báir ; agus ir ann do cuiread iad.

Ir naomta iad a' agus talam Darmais.

D'fár i n'Darmais crann-uball a bíod an-tórtamail, áct do bíod na h-ubla go h-an-fearb ar fáo. Táinig Columcille lá cun an érainn, agus ar reirean, "A érainn-uball na bíod do toirad fearb níor fúoe, áct go mílir, agus go deag-blaíra."

Ar ran amac bí na h-ubla go mílir, ruo a cuir átar ar buacailib na h-áro-ríóile.

Bí Éire lán d'uball-ghuirtib fa c-rean-aímrir. Dá ní-máit an ruo é dá mbead noimnt crann-uball as gabáil le gac tíg, mar ir folláin na ruoái ubla do leandairde agus bídeann ruo raóairreamáil ar nó an práta. D'iad na h-ubla prátaí na h-Éireann ran c-rean-aímrir.

Go raib Éire aír ar mar a bí rí fáo!

Do tugá tuar mór ar tobair naomta Darmais ran c-rean-aímrir.

Nár cóir feucaint le n-a aic-deoúcaint aír ar pon glóire Dé, agus cun cuimne Columcille agus a deirgiobail do buanúgáó.

A true priest of God and a true Irish priest was Columcille, and his works in Ireland after this time were many and wonderful, and beyond recounting here.

He had three great and special ends in view—to build monasteries and churches, where the people might be educated in all knowledge and God worshipped and served; to repair and beautify ruined or ill-constructed churches; to honour the relics of the saints, and have shrines made for them.

In all these things he succeeded. It is said he built more than sixty churches in Ireland. We do not know the exact number; but we can safely say that nearly one hundred churches were built in Ireland by Columcille and by his disciples.

The monasteries he founded were nearly as numerous as the churches he built.

---

#### COLUMCILLE FOUNDS DURROW.

Space will not allow us to speak about all the monasteries: we can only mention a few of them. He established about the year 553 the illustrious monastery and school of Durrow. It is situated in the King's County, near the present town of Birr.

Hundreds of holy, learned men lived there; and there, after many labours for God and Ireland, they died, and there they are buried. The clay of Durrow is blessed.

There grew in Durrow a fruitful apple tree; but sad to say, the fruit was very sour. Columcille went to the apple tree one day and said: "O apple tree, let not your fruit be any longer bitter and sour, but sweet and pleasant to the taste."

From that time the apples were sweet, to the great joy of the young boys of the great monastic school.

Well-kept, fruitful orchards were everywhere in ancient Ireland. It would be a very wise thing if the farmers and labourers would plant good fruit-trees now. Fruits are wholesome and valuable, and bring a special plentifulness to a home.

May it be once more as it was of yore!

In former times there was a great pilgrimage to the



## CEANANNUS.

Tuairim an tÁca ro, 'do cuir Columcille ar bun an mainistir oirthearc ar a nglaoðtar Ceanannus. 'Do comnuig ré annro ar feadh a bfuad; ir minic 'do léis ré aippeann 'Dé ann, agus ir minic 'do tug ré teagairt 'do na daoimib. Tairbéantair fóir an reómra beas 'nar comnuig ré, agus an leac cruaid a bfuad mar leabair aige; annro 'do cearnuig ré a colann le tpoigead agus le tpeadnar.

'Deirtear sup le linn a comnuirte annro 'do rgnioð ré an leabair aro-clúmait úo go nglaoðtar "The Book of Kells" air; agus deirtear freirín sup rgnioð ré an leabair móir-clúmait eile úo, .i. "The Book of Durrow" le linn comnuirte i n'Darbháig úd.

Ní'lmio cinnte, áh, ar b'é féin nó a deirgiobail 'do rgnioð iad.

'Darbháig agus Ceanannus—ir ionmhuin na h-ainimneada iad 'do Clannais Saedéal, agus ir oirbithneac na h-ainimneada iad 'do na fíoraonaib go léir. 'Go maipud ríad go veó go beoda agus go olut i sgoirde agus i sguirne sad fíor-éipeannais!

## Lombéit.

'Do tpiall Columcille tamall 'na diað reo go 'dci an baile-móir ar a nglaoðtar anoir Mainistir Duite, agus ar ran go 'dci oileán ar an ttaob amuig de Baile Áta Cliat ar a nglaoðtar oileán Lombéit.

'Do comnuig ré annro ar feadh a bfuad ag suirde cun 'Dé, ag déanam tpoigead, agus á cearnuigad féin.

Lá áipigte, an faio a bí ré annro, táinig fear darp' ainim 'do lughnuir cun gearáin a déanam ar a mnaoi mar ná maipfeadh rí 'na teannta.

"Cuir fíor ar an mnaoi," ar' an Naom. Nuair a táinig rí 'o'fiapruig Columcille ói: "Cao 'na taob a bean ná gabann tú le 'o' céile? Nac minic a cualair, 'iad ro a ceanglann Dia ná cuireadh éinne ó n-a céile iad?"

"A áair," ar' an bean, "na iair oim gabáil le lughnuir. Raðad táir fáile, agus beiré mé i m' mnaoi-riagalta, nó déanfad aon fuo i n-aon cori ir maic leat, áct amáin gabáil le lughnuir."

holy well of Durrow. 'Tis strange and sad how we allow our national pilgrimages to decay. It would be well to revive them for the glory of God, and for the perpetual remembrance of His saints.

---

#### **COLUMCILLE AT KELLS.**

About this period our Saint founded the illustrious monastery called Ceanannus, or Kells. He lived there a long time, preaching and instructing the people, and in the various works of a priest and religious.

The little cell in which he lived is still pointed out, as also the hard flag that served him as a bed. Whilst here he greatly afflicted his flesh by fasting and abstinence.

Some maintain that he wrote that wonderful work called the "Book of Kells" whilst living in this monastery. It is said, also, that he wrote that other famous book, known as the "Book of Durrow," whilst residing at Durrow. We are not certain, however, whether they were written by himself or by his disciples in these monasteries.

Durrow and Kells—these are names very dear to the children of Erin, and holy and venerable names in the eyes of all the faithful.

May they always live fresh in the hearts and memories of all true Irishmen !

---

#### **COLUMCILLE IN LAMBAY.**

Columcille journeyed after this to the place which is now called Monasterboice; and thence to an island off the County Dublin, which is now known as Lambay Island, and there lived a long time in prayer, fasting and mortification.

One day, whilst he was living in Lambay, a man, whose name was Lugneus, came to him and complained that his wife would not live with him.

"Send for the woman," said the Saint. When the woman came, Columcille said to her: "Why, O woman, don't you live with your husband? Did you not often hear, 'What God has united, let no man put asunder?' "

"Ní féidir leat é rin a déanamh gan ceat ó 'fear," arsa Columcille. "Dét eirt liom-ra anoir agus déin nio oim. Tá an diabail ag péiread fát; déinimír tiorghad inoiu: curá, o'fear agus mife."

"Díod ré mar rin," ar an bean.

"Do déineadar a oiríur tiorghad i oteannta a céile. I nít na h-oiríde o'iarri Columcille ar Oia solur a gárta a tadbairt do'n mhaoi, agus i fadrad ó catáib an diabail. Tug Oia corad ar a gurde.

An lá 'na diaid rin do glaoir ré ar an mhaoi agus do labairt ré léi: "An bfuilir ar aigne fód beit i'o' mhaoi-miasalta, nó 'bfuilir lán-gárta gabáil le o'céile aihir?"

"Ní' don dúil agam beit im' mhaoi-miasalta anoir," ar an bean, "tá catáib an diabail imcighe; tá gáid agam dom' fear anoir, agus mairríd mé'na teannta i gcomnuide. Tug Oia corad ar do gurde molaó go deo leir."

Do gab sí a buideadar le Columcille; o'fíll sí féin agus a fear abailte, agus do mairadar i oteannta céile go ráth, páirta, fonarac go dtí lá a mbáir.

### bátao na luinge.

Lá dá raib Columcille agus a cara, Duitín, ag ruidal ar an oiríde do connacadar long, agus a raib de daoimib innti, o'a rluad ré uirge na fairsge go h-obann.

Ba mhór an rganntad a cuir an radarc ran ar Duitín, agus o'fiarpuis ré de Columcille cat ba bun leir an mi-ad tubairteac ran.

"Don peacac mhór amáin a bí ra luig, b'é b'm-freagar-ta leir an nio brónac ran," arsa Columcille.

"An ceart nó cóir go mbáirde an oiréad ran de daoimib neamh-éionntaca mar geall ar don o'roc-dúine amáin?" arsa Duitín.

Níor freagar Columcille an oiréad a'r focat, mar o' fíor aise gur labair Duitín gan urcóir gan máilir.

Tamall gearr 'na diaid rin fuair Columcille corcós beac agus o'iarri ré ar Duitín i o'iomáir. Do rug ré leir i, dét níor b'ada éuair re nuair a táinig beac amac ar an gcorcós a'r do cealg sí lám Duitín. Do rigneat ré go

"Father," said the woman, "do not ask me to live with Lugneus. I will cross the sea and be a nun, if you wish, or anything else you like, or do anything except live with Lugneus."

"You cannot go away or become a nun without your husband's leave," said Columcille. "But listen to me now, and do what I tell you. You are tempted by the devil," said the Saint. "Let us fast to-day, you, your husband, and I." "Let it be so," answered the woman. The three fasted. During the night Columcille prayed God to give His light and grace to the woman, and to free her from the temptation of the evil spirit. God heard his prayer.

On the following day he called the woman, and spoke to her and said: "Are you still determined to be a nun, or are you ready and prepared to live with your husband?"

"I have no desire now to be a nun," said the woman, "the temptation has left me, and I love my husband now, and will always live with him. God has heard your prayers."

She then thanked the Saint. She and her husband returned home, and they lived together quietly, contentedly, and happy till death.

### THE SHIPWRECK.

One day as Columcille and his disciple Baithen were walking by the seaside, they saw a ship sink quite suddenly into the ocean, and all who were on board were drowned. Baithen was very much frightened, and asked his master what was the cause of that awful disaster.

"One sinner alone, who was in the ship, was responsible for that sad event," said Columcille.

"Is it just and right," inquired Baithen, "that so many innocent persons should perish on account of one wicked man?"

But Columcille answered not a word, for he knew Baithen spoke without guile or malice.

Soon after Columcille got a bee-hive, and he asked Baithen to carry it. As he was doing so, one of the bees flew out

C

h-áiré agus do éirí ré an cóirceas uair. Do bhréad na ceitriche-meala go léir a' r' do marbuisgead na beada.

"Cao 'na taob gur deirir é rin?" arsa Columcille.

"Mar do éalgs ceann de na beadaib me," arsa Duitín.

"Sead," arsa Columcille, "má' r' doig leat-ra gur éair na beada go léir do marbuisgead mar gheall air gur éalgs don ceann amháin aca tú, an doig leat gur deir 'Dia eugscóir nuair a bácair ré an long, agus a raib innici, mar gheall ar don peacac amháin?"

"Tuigim, tuigim," arsa Duitín; "ní beir don ceitric oim a tuillead i staob rligte an Tighearna."

Da mhóir an cion a bí as Gaedelaib na sean-aimirice ar beadaib, agus d'áirir reancuirte na h-aimirice rin, do gnici deoc breas go nglaocti mibhir air, ar an mil.

Da máir an ruo é dá mbead ré 'nár gcumar an deoc ro a deanam airir agus i rgairead ar fuair na tíre.

### TAIRNGEARAÓT AR ÉIRINN.

Lá dirigte d'á raib Columcille agus a manais as carad abailé d'eirig ré go h-an-brónac ar rto.

"Cao 'na taob go bfuilir com brónac ran inoiu a áair?" arsa na manais leir.

Tá 'Dia tar éir a cur i n-úil dom go dtiocfaid léir-rghior millteac ar Éirinn ran aimiric atá le teact, agus go mberó muinntir na h-Éireann cionntac leir an léir-rghior ran! Troitirío ríad eatorra féin, agus marboctarío ríad a céile; cuirirío ríad na daoine bocta fé gheir-rmacct agus creactarío ríad an eaglaib, agus tairngseactarío ríad anuas orra féin fearg Dé. Annran tiocfaid gail agus cuirirío ríad fé coir iad agus dibreóctarío ríad iad amac fé na pleibtib, fé na páraib, agus na h-áiteada iar-gcúlaca; áct deunfarío ríad cúitigad, ámh, ar ron a noitoc-beart, agus geobairío ríad tar n-air airir a gcuir talman, a nligte árra, a mbeura agus a nóra."

Tá gac don deamnam anoir, buideactar le 'Dia, go bfuil tairngsearact Columcille as teact cun críche.

### CLUAN MHC NOIS.

Nuair a bí Columcille na comnuiré i lár na h-Éireann, do tug ré cuairt ar an mainirtir oitbeartic uo—Cluan

of the hive and stung Baithen's hand. Baithen cried out aloud, and threw the hive from him. The honeycombs were lost, and the hive destroyed. "Why did you do that?" asked Columcille. "Because the bee stung me," answered Baithen.

"Well," said Columcille, "if you think it right to kill all the bees on account of the sting of one bee was it unjust on God's part that all on board that ship should perish on account of one sinner?"

"I understand, I understand," said Baithen; "I will never again question the ways of the Lord."

In olden times the Irish people were very fond of bees; and ancient writers tell us that a pleasant drink called "Mead," was made from honey. It would be well if we had the secret of this wholesome drink again, and popularised its use amongst our people.

#### **PROPHECY ABOUT IRELAND.**

On a certain day Columcille grew very sorrowful as he was returning home with his monks. "Why are you so sad to-day, father?" said the monks.

"Alas!" he said, "God has made known to me that a great scourge will fall on Ireland in future times—a scourge caused by Irishmen themselves! They will fight and slay each other; they will afflict and oppress the poor and plunder the Church; and will, in this way, draw on themselves the wrath of God. Foreigners will conquer and subdue them, and will banish them to the mountains and deserts and backward places; they will, however, do penance at last for their evil ways, and will recover once more their lands, their ancient laws, and their old habits and customs."

#### **HE VISITS CLONMACNOISE.**

When Columcille was living in the centre of Ireland, perhaps at Duxrow, he visited the noble monastery of Clonmacnoise.

míic Noir. Do fearaó na mílte fáilte noimír. Táinig an t-Abb agus na manaig go léir amac 'na coinnib. Dibuaicail imearḡ na mbátaí, agus ní bíod le faḡail niam aige, áct oíoc-mear agus taircuirne. Earpán do b'ainm do. Bí ré tuatála, baib, oíoc-múinte agus oíomáoin.

Do óein Earpán ceann ar aḡaíó ipceá tpió na oáoine, nó gur cúp ré a lám ar imeall fallainḡe Columcille. Do ruḡ an Naom aip agus do tairpaing re cúige é. "Sḡaíó uait é, rḡaíó uait é," ar ríao go léir. "Leis dom mo fúige féin a beit aḡam," aipra Columcille. Annpán oubaip ré le h-Earpán a teangá do cúip amac. Do óein, agus é ar cipceá le h-eaḡla agus le náipe. Do beannuig Columcille a teangá, agus ar reipean—"feucaíó go léir ar an mbuaicail reo; go oíó ro ní nait ann áct baibán oíoc-múinte, tuatála; ar ro amac beíó ré 'na fear cúipe, múinte, ḡaróá binn-beóla. Raḡaíó ré go móp cun cinn i léigeann agus i rubáilcear, agus pul má faigíó ré báp beíó obaip móp-tairbceá oéanta aige.

Do táinig ḡac níó cun cipce fé map oubaip an Naom.

Tá Cluan Míic Noir go h-uaigneá anoip; ní clúinteap ḡut na mac-léiginn, ná failmeapáct na manac. Ní feicteap na pluagte oitpeá aḡ teáct cun turuip a oéanaí ar na reáct oteampuil (n-eaḡlaip).

Mo leun! ip bponac an raóapic é Cluan Míic Noir inoiu. Áct ar a fon ran féin, ba ceap go mbeá upraim agus mear aḡ ḡac aon fíor-éipeannaó ar Cluan Míic Noir, map ip fíor-naomta an áit é.

Ip ann do maip na mílte naom; ip ann do fuaipeáap báp agus ip ann do cúipeá íao; ip ann do fuaip na rḡoláipí do b'feap a bí niam i n-éipinn, nó b'feioip ran Eupópa, a ḡcuio oíoeaáip. Annpán do baileḡeá mic-léiginn ó ḡac áipó de'n oíomain—ó'n b'fainnc, ó'n allmáin ó ḡapana, agus ó áiteaáib eile.

Deipceap ḡup amac ar Cluan Míic Noir a táinig na fíp a cúip an ceuo pláct ar Coláipce Oxford.

Tuapim an ama fé do tairveal ré tpió Cillioapa agus do cúip ré eaḡlaip ar bun ann.

The abbot and the whole community went to meet him, and heartily welcomed him. There was a boy there who was an object of insult and contempt amongst his companions. His name was Ernan. He was rude, stammering in speech, uncultured and idle.

Ernan pushed his way through the people till he put his hand on the hem of the Saint's cloak. The Saint seized him and drew him before him.

"Let him go, let him go," said the crowd. "Allow me, allow me my own way," said Columcille. He then said to Ernan: "Put out your tongue." Ernan, trembling with fear and shame, did so. The Saint blessed his tongue, and said: "Behold this boy; up to the present he was a stammerer, ill-mannered, rude; henceforward he will become clever, well-mannered, eloquent; he will make great strides daily in learning and virtue, and will accomplish great things before his death. What the Saint foretold was fully verified afterwards.

Clonmacnoise is lonely now. The merry voices of students and the psalms of the monks are heard no more amid its silent ruins. The hosts of pilgrims are seen no more making the rounds of the Seven Churches.

Sad and forsaken, alas! as Clonmacnoise is to-day, it is worthy of respect and homage.

For there lived and died thousands of holy persons; there their ashes rest; there were educated some of the most excellent of Ireland's scholars, and there gathered scholars from France, Germany and England.

Learned men from Clonmacnoise assisted in founding the great schools of Oxford in England.

Columcille travelled through County Kildare, and he built a church in a place now called Moone.

It seems probable he passed about this same period through Kilkenny, Wexford, Tipperary, Kerry, Limerick, and Clare. Everywhere he instructed the people, and left his blessing upon them.



Deamhrúigeann an rgeul gur gáb ré, um an tEalaíocht  
meirín, tithíocht, Cúil Cúinnis, Lóc Sármain, Tíobairtí Árain,  
Cúilrúide agus an Clár.

Do réir beul-aithneir na n-aoine do gab ré triú Teampull  
 Gleannáin, agus triú Túr na Fola ar teorainn luimnige  
 agus Ciarruide, agus sur dein ré cairngearaict ann.

Do tús ré teagairt do na daoine iní gac uile áit, agus  
o'fás ré a beannaíct 'na d'iairí san áca.

## CARRAIG AN DUORÓIN.

Do éar Columcille aísir ar Úin na nGall agus éaduis  
ré go Sarrtan.

“Do carað ari annro fear boct a maid a cnoide claidhte, cearcartha le brón. Do glac truaḡ tó é, agus do cuir pé a deannacht ar carrraig a bí i n-áice leo. Láirthead do rḡeit rruatán fíor-uirge amach airtí. “Ól an t-uirge,” arsa Columcille; t’ól pé an t-uirge agus do leigearað an brón a bí as bhuḡ ar a cnoide. Deirtear go dtuicteann an ruo ceoḡna amach fóir ann, agus go n-imtḡeann pé brón nó cnoide-crað a bideann ar dūine nuair ólann pé an t-uirge reo.

Ír iomlána cill do dhá Columcille i nDún na nGall, ceann i n-áit 50 nglaothaí Dhuinn Toime air anoir agus moir-chúro aca i n-áiteachaib eile; ír corannail gur cúir pé eaglaí ar bun i Rát Uot, agus ceann eile i nDoine.

## CONULA AN FREAHDÓIR.

Do mair le linn na h-aimire seo fear saoradh clirte,  
 d'arbh ainm do Connta. Do comnuig ré i n-ait go nglaocti  
 fad ó air an Cruicire, áct ré an ainm acá anoir air  
 ná Seán Columcille, nó Anó míc Siollagán.

An teacht annro do Columcille di rcpin gleorhte  
sneanta u'a deanam as Connla. D'e toil De go bfuair re  
bar pal a pais re cpiochnuigte aige. Nuair a connaic  
Columcille an rcpin leat-cpiochnuigte ba mór e a dúil e  
feicint cpiochnuigte.

Bí á fíor go maíť aise ná faib don sheanadóir eile i  
 n-Éirinn go faib ré 'na cúmar é críochnugadó. Do cúir

### THE ROCK OF MELANCHOLY.

St. Columcille returned once more to Donegal and came to Gartan.

A poor man, overwhelmed with grief, met him there.

The Saint took pity on him, and blessed a rock hard by. Behold! a stream of pure water gushed forth. "Drink the water," said Columcille. The man did so, and was, forthwith healed of the deep grief that oppressed him.

Local tradition says the same thing happens now when the grief stricken drink this water. The clouds and shadows of sorrow flee away for ever and leave not a trace behind.

Columcille built many churches in Donegal—in Drumholme and Raphoe, amongst other places.

### CONNLA, THE ARTIST.

About this same period he worked a wonderful miracle.

There then lived an exceedingly artistic and accomplished man, whose name was Connla. He dwelt in a place known of old as Dun Cruitre (Fort of the Picts), but now called Screen Columcille, or Ardmagilligan. Connla was making a shrine, an exquisite shrine indeed, but, unfortunately, he died before it was completed.

When Columcille beheld the unfinished shrine, he greatly desired to see it completed in all its beauty.

He was aware, however, there was no artist in Ireland capable of completing the work in all its perfection. An inspiration came into his mind.

He went to Connla's grave, stood before it, and he cried out: "O Connla, in the name of Jesus Christ, arise from the dead!" And behold! he that was dead arose full of life and health, and all who were present were filled with awe and amazement and they praised God for His wonderful

"Dia rmaomeaó 'na éiríde; cuairé pé go tici uaisé Connla; do fear pé ór a cionn agus do glaoiré pé ór aro:

"O a Connla i n-ainim iora Críort, eirí;," agus o'eirí; an té bí maró rlan aipir ó'n uaisé.

Do glair uacóar agus uamán a raib láirceac, agus do tusaóar molaó agus glóir do Dia.

Do éiríochuig Connla an rcrín agus do máir pé nó go raib pé an-dorta. Da deacair buaócaint ar céaróaróte na h-éireann an uair rin. Níor b'féoir 1aó a 'farusaó i ngliocar nó i n-dearlámaó agus le congnam Dé ní faoa uainn an t-am nuair a beir an rgeul ceutona le n-aicirir ašainn aipir.

### INIS EOGAIIH.

Lá o'a raib pé aš paíreoirceac ar glar-énocán aipirce ar a tustar "Cnoc na Sailimí," do iarr pé aipir Dia na crí suirdeanna ro,—Ná diúlcpaó Sé éirceac le h-aon paíreir a beaó ceapc agus cóir; ná lašócaó spáó Dé 'na éiríde péin go deo; ná h-eiréócaó acpánn ná clampar imearš a muincipe péin go deo: nó o'a n-eiréócaó go rmaócaó Dia 1aó le pláigeanna.

Táinš aingeal cun Columcille, agus do labair pé mar peo leir, "Imcig agus déin gleann Šairge do niamh-glanáó ó deamánaió agus ó iarrmaíó na pášántacáca." O'imcig pé agus do ruš pé leir buirdean o'a manácaíó. Bí an gleann lán de deamánaió; deircear šupáó 1aó na deamán ceutona 1aó do teic anro, agus do cuair i bpolac pé ceó agus pé ršáilíó ouba rorica, an gleanna ro, tar éir Naomh páórais o'a noibirc ó bap Cruaó páórais. Deineóar mór-cuio miorcáir ra gleann; do pašligeóar agus do cruailléóar uirge agus aer na h-aice. Nuair a táinš Columcille irceac ra gleann do tuc na deamán ra n-a éiríde. Deir na rean-uóar šup marbuigeóar ouine o'a manácaíó.

Do labair an naom leó, "Amac líó ar an áit peo! amac pé'n bpaírge líó, agus ná cašaró tar n-aip anro go brac aipir!"

Do tuirceóar go leir ar nór capraige cloice irceac ra bpaírge

works. Conla finished the beautiful shrine, and lived to a good old age.

The tradesmen and artists of Ireland of that time could not be surpassed by any others in the whole world, and, by God's blessing, the time is near when the same can be said once more.

---

### INNISHOWEN.

Columcille travelled through Innishowen about this time, and built many churches there.

One day whilst praying on a certain green hill, called "the Hill of Psalms," he asked God to grant him three petitions: that he would not reject any just and right prayer; that the love of God might never grow less in his own heart; and that discord should never be found among his own people; or, if it should, that God might punish them by plagues and pestilences.

An angel came to Columcille about this time and said to him: "Go and purify Glen Gairge from demons and from the remains of paganism." Columcille obeyed, and took with him a company of monks. The Glen was full of demons. It is said they were some of those same demons that St. Patrick battled against on the top of Cruach Patrick. They fled away and hid themselves in the black, deep clouds and shadows of Glen Gairge. They worked much mischief in the Glen by corrupting the water and the air. When Columcille came into the place the demons attacked him. Old authors tell us they killed one of his monks.

The Saint then said to them: "Away with you all and leave this place! Cast yourselves into the great ocean, and never come back to this Glen again." They all fell like a stone into the deep sea.

Do beannuis ré an áit annsan agus d'árouis ré ann  
Cnoir Ceurta ar Slánuigtheora.

### INIS TORAC.

Tuairim an ama ro táinig an t-aingeal diuir cun  
Columcille agus do labair ré mar seo leir, "Téirig agus  
oibir na deamain agus an pagántaict ar Inir Tórac.

D'imtíis Columcille agus do rug ré a manais leir. Ar  
teact dóib go dtí cnoc a bí ar aghaid an oileáin amac, do  
labair an Naomh, "Cí' aca againn a díbreocair na deamain,  
agus a glanfar an t-oileán?" D'íodar com h-umal san, nár  
labair éinne aca focal. Annsan tuidair Columcille leó,  
"Caitir bup mbaicill i dtreo an oileáin, agus an ceo  
baicill a buailfid ari, bíod ré ar an t-é gur leir an baicill  
an t-oileán do glanad." Do gluair baicill Columcille  
amac a r a lám ar an nóimead san, agus níor rtao ré gur  
buail ré an t-oileán.

"Táim páirta anoir ar dul ann," ar reirean, agus seo ré  
dein an oileáin é. D'íarí ré ari tairéad na h-áite an  
oiréad talman a tairair do a'r do tograó ré teampull ari.

"Ní tairair," ar an tairéad.

"A' tairairair tú dom an oiréad ar do tairair mo  
cóicill ari?" arra Columcille. "Seoir an méio rin,"  
ar reirean.

Do leag Columcille a cóicill ar an tairam, agus do  
cornuis ré a tairnugad cun gur cludais ré an t-oileán  
go leir.

Bí an tairéad ar dearg-buile, agus do rgaol ré mara  
fiochmar ré. Do dein an Naomh fíogar na Cnoire agus do  
marbuis ré an mara. Nuair a connais an tairéad an  
míorbuilt seo tuis ré an t-oileán ar rtao do Columcille.

Do gair ré a buiréadair do Dia agus do'n tairéad, agus  
níor d'fada 'na díar rin gur tois re eaglaír agus mainirir  
ann.

Dein an Naomh míorbuilt eile i rta na h-aimpíre d'fan ré  
ar an oileán ro. Lá dírigte ní feurairde don bpaon uirge  
d'fagail i gcóir an dírimn.

The Saint then sanctified the place, and raised on high there the Cross of Christ. And the Glen has ever since been known as Glen Columcille.

---

#### COLUMCILLE ON TORY ISLAND.

About this time the angel came again to Columcille and said to him :

"Go and banish the demons and paganism from Tory Island." The Saint obeyed, and took his monks with him.

When they reached a hill facing the Island, the Saint addressed them :

"Which of us shall banish the demons and purify the Island?" But they remained modestly silent and answered not. Columcille then said to them : "Cast your staffs towards the Island, and he whose staff shall first strike the Island shall purify it." The staff of Columcille that very instant flew away and reached the Island. "I am now satisfied to go there," said the Saint, and he set sail for the Island.

He asked the prince of the place to grant him the site of a church. The prince would not give the land.

"Will you give me as much land as my cowl will cover?" said Columcille. "I will do that," said the man. Columcille laid his cowl on the earth, and it grew so large that it covered the whole Island.

The chieftain, whose name was Ailild, became very angry, and he let loose a fierce hound against the Saint. Columcille made the sign of the Cross, and the hound died. On seeing this miracle, the prince gave the whole Island to Columcille. The Saint thanked him sincerely, and soon after built there a church and monastery.

The Saint wrought another miracle during his stay in the Island.

Water could not be found one day for the celebration of Mass. He struck a rock, and a clear brimming stream of water burst forth, which supplied the water for holy Mass.

Ói carraig mór cloíde fan áit; 'o buail an naomh buille  
o'd bacall uirthi, agus láirthead bonn 'o rgeit rruatán  
fion-uirge amac air. 'O léigead an t-áirneann anhran.

O'fás ré Oileán Tórac 'na diaid go ronarac, reunnhar  
beannuighe.

'O tús ré aghar air ar an tóir-móir agus 'o tós ré  
mór-cúro eaglaí i n'Óun na nGall agus i tóir-eogain.

### ÁRÓ MACA.

'O gluair ré ar fan go tóí Catair Áró Maca.

Da mór é mear páirais, bhuighe agus Columcille ar  
Áró Maca.

Catair naomha 'o b'eas i, agus an ceo fairce i  
n-éirinn. I' deamhatac gur fan Columcille annro ar  
reas abrad.

Lá o'd raib ré as an altóir, agus na micleiginn  
go léir as éirthead éirinn, 'o tárla gur cuir an  
diabhal o'roc-rmaoinead éigin i gcroide duine aca. I  
n-ionad cur i scoinnib an o'roc-rmaoinid rin i' amháir  
géill ré 'o le n-a lán-toil; o'leirig ré 'na fearam agus  
reo amac ar an eaglaí é. Ói ré lán-cinnce ná raib fíor  
as éinne an o'roc-rmaoinead a beir i'rtis 'na croide. Ác  
bí fíor as Columcille é, mar o'foillrig Dia oó é.

Táinig ré anuar de'n altóir agus 'o lean ré an mac-  
leiginn; 'o rus re gneim air, 'o croc ré é, agus ar  
reirean leir, "Cuir uait an o'roc-rmaoinead fan; ná  
h-imtig amac ar an eaglaí."

Ói an mac-leiginn ar baill-éir le rganhar. "I' é an  
diabhal," ar an Naomh, "acá as réirthead fát, agus cuir-  
reas-ra i n-uil tuit gurab' é."

'O tórnais ré ar páirneoiread, agus b'é toil 'Oé go  
bfeacair an mac-leiginn oll-piart úr-gnánas as cur o'roc-  
rmaoinc i'rted 'na croide a' 'na aigne.

Ar feircint rin oó 'o tuit ré i laige: nuair a táinig ré  
cuige féin 'o gheall ré go díoghairead díongmálta ná  
géillreas ré go bpat air ar an catair an diabail.

'O tús Columcille a cúl ar Áró Maca agus 'o lean ré  
as craob-rsaoilead teagaris Chíort, as deanam deare  
agus as tabairt rólár 'o na daoinib.

Columcille then departed from Tory Island, and left it purified and blest, prosperous and content.

He now sailed back to the mainland, and built many churches about this time in Donegal, and even in Tyrone.

He then moved forward till he reached the renowned city of Armagh.

#### COLUMCILLE AT ARMAGH.

Patrick, Brigid, and Columcille greatly esteemed Armagh as a holy city, and the first Diocese of Ireland. It is probable Columcille tarried a considerable time there.

Columcille stood at the altar one day, and the students were present in the church hearing Mass. One of them, sad to say, was suddenly assailed by a violent temptation. Instead of resisting the temptation, he yielded to it, and he rose up, and was walking out of the Church. He felt confident no one knew the temptation hidden in his heart. But Columcille knew it well, God having given him light. He left the altar and walked quickly after the student. He seized him, shook him, and said: "Put away that temptation. Do not run away out of the Church." The student was terribly frightened. "It is the demon," said the Saint, "that tempts you, as I will now prove." He then began to pray, and, behold, the student immediately saw a horrible monster blowing and breathing temptation into his soul. On seeing this he fainted away. Coming to himself once more, he said with determination: "I will never again yield to temptation."

Columcille left Armagh and continued his journey; and wherever he went he consoled, instructed and benefited the people.

There lived at this time a certain man called Sensenach.

On a certain day he saw Columcille passing by carrying a heavy load of books.

"Father," said he, "let me carry the books, for I see you are tired."



Bí Columcille lá ag triall noimír agus ualach tnom leabhar ar iomchur aige.

Do carad air fear dáré ainim do Senpenac. "A dáré," ar reirean, "leis doim-rá na leabhar-reo d'iomchur éim go bfuilín corra uata."

"Tá go maith," arsa Columcille, agus do gab ré a buirdeacair leir. Bí Dia buirdeac do Senpenac i tsaob a cinealtair; cuir Sé rat agus reun ar a raib aige de maoim an t-raogail; agus mar bárr ar gab ponair do doirt Sé a ghráta air cun gur iompuiš a éiríde cun Dé agus cun cneirimí Chriort. Go dtí ran ní raib ann acé fear fail-ligthead, san don t-ruim aige i bparóir ná i gceiré.

'Na diaó rin do rinne ré tuar ar an Róim, agus do rug ré deicndúr fear d'rádaó i n-éirthead leir; do luis ré féin ré corrair an tuar ar fáo.

Bí fear boct 'na comnuirde in-aice loca, ar a nglaoútar loc na fáille anoir. Bí coir an-tinn ar fáo aige. Deas fáo, gear, a cuair tréti, agus bí an pian com millthead ran, ná raib don tréil aige le n-a leigear.

Do connaic Columcille é agus do glac truas do é; do beannuis ré tobar a bí in-aice na h-áite:—"Imcis," ar reirean le fear na coire tinne, "agus nís do cor 'ran uirge rin; do dein ré amlaio agus do leigearaó láit-head é."

Do gluar Columcille tró lughmaige, tró muineacain, tró cabán, agus tró long puirt. Tós ré móir-curo eaglaí i lughmaige agus do dein ré an cleaí ceutona i gCabán.

Do péir beul-aicir na noaoine do tós ré cúpla eaglaí ar brúac loc Samna. B' iongantac do deimín an obair a dein Columcille i n-illtaib cum glóire Dé agus onóira na h-Éireann.

### CONNACTA: ÁRA NA NAOMH.

Do éir naomh pátrais agus naomh Driúro moirán bliadanta i gConnactaib, agus ba móir an ghab a bí aca do'n áirge rin. B'é an upóalta ceutona ag Columcille é: bí ré go minic i gConnactaib: ar a laigeaó bí ré ann fé do,

"Very well," said Columcille, thanking him. Sensenach was well rewarded for his charity. God so prospered all that belonged to him that he became very rich; and, to crown his happiness He gave him the grace of conversion and amendment of life, for up to that time Sensenach was not a good Christian. Later on he made a pilgrimage to Rome, taking with him fifty men. He alone defrayed the entire expenses of the journey.

There lived near the lake, now known as Lough Foyle, a poor man whose foot was pierced by a long sharp thorn. He endured great pain, and lost all hope of cure.

Columcille saw him, and pitied him. He blest a well hard by and said: "Go and bathe your foot in that water." He did so, and he was forthwith healed. Truly Columcille was a man of mercy and compassion.

### LOUGH GOWNA.

Columcille now travelled through Louth, Monaghan, Cavan, and Longford. He built many churches in Louth, and it is likely many also in Cavan.

According to popular tradition, he erected one or two churches in the islands of Lough Gowna.

Lough Gowna is made up of many lovely lakes dotted with wooded islands, and beautiful in its windings, its creeks, and flocks of wild swans.

Great and wonderful, indeed, was the work done by Columcille through Ulster for the glory of God and the welfare of Ireland.

### COLUMCILLE IN CONNAUGHT.

St. Patrick and St. Brigid spent many years in Connaught, and they greatly loved that Province. It was so with Columcille. He was often in Connaught. It is probable he spent years there. He remained a considerable time in Aran under the care of St. Enda.

AGUS DO CAIT RÉ MORÁN BLIADANTA ANN. D'FAN RÉ TRÉIMHE  
FAOA I N-ÁRAINN RÉ CÚRAM NAOMH ÉANNA.

Ára na Naomh! Is móir an meaf atá agáinn ar an ainim rin! Go deimhin is ionmhuin' an t-ainim é, agus ní san fá. Is uaisneac an áit é, annrúto imearḡ na tconn bpiabáin, agus i bpató ó gleó agus ó cátaib an tómhain móir; áct ar a fon pon a'f uile is pláinteamail an áit é. Tá an t-aer go fionn-fuar beoda; tá an t-uirge folláin ann; tá an rpeir ór a cíonn go ḡorm-lonnraic; is áluinn an raḡaric é, na tontaca móra ag fion-bpiarad 'na timceall agus ag fion-áronán ar an tpiáig; na h-ailleaá móra ag eirge ruar go mórhoa ó'n muiir móir. Ní doig liom go bpiuofaibe aon raḡaric t'fagaíl ní b'áilne ná an raḡaric atá ó bárr a cnoc, ar pléibtib Cuan na Mara ar cuan na Gallinne, ar páircib glar-cúmarca, agus ar coilltib na tíre móire.

Δέε τας δαδ νῦ εἰλε, τὰ δῆαδ ἄγυρ ὑπῆλθιμ δῆλιν  
 ο' ἄλιν μῆρ ἔαλλ ἄρ νᾶ νᾶοιμ ἄ ὀμνῆις ἄν, ἄγυρ δῶ  
 μῶρ-μῶρ νᾶοιμ ἑᾶννα.

Do ruaidh Naomh Eanna i tuisceairt na h-Éireann in-áice loc Éirne. Mac ríog do b'eas é; t'fár ré ruar 'na buadaili láirir lúthair, rial, áit bí ré an-tairaidhe an-ro-óirruigte, agus ba mhinic é as tioro le n-a náimhóib.

Bí veirðfjárfir naomta bíada aise varð áinim ví fancea,  
 ásur bíot rí ve þíor ág surde ár a þon; bé toil Dé sur  
 táinis átrugað méinne ár Eanna, ásur sur ionntuís  
 ré so outnactac cun reirðire Dé.

Ծո ԷՍ թէ Դ ԶԳԻՐ ԻՅԻՐ ԵՐ ԴՐԱԻՆՆ, ԶՏՐ ՈՍ ԸԱԻ ԹԵ Դ  
 ԾԵԱԾ ԸՆՆ ԹԵ ՄԱՐ Դ ԸԱԻ ՆԱՕՄ ԵՈՒՆ ԾԱԻՐԵ ԹԱ ԾԲԱՐԸ,  
 .1. ԶՏ ՆԵԱՆԱՄ ԱԻՐԻՅԵ, ԶՏ ՆԵԱՆԱՄ ԵՐՈՐԶԱՐԸ, ԶՏՐ ԶՏ  
 ԹԱՐԵՈՒՆԵԱԾԷ.

Do bailis na ceoirta manac timcheall air agus nior  
brada go raib d'ia lan de naomaid.

Τὰ βρεῖρ δ' ἔρ' αὖτο ναοὺς κυρτὰ ἰ ν-δον ποιλῖς ἀμᾶν . ἰ  
ποιλῖς ναοὺς Εἰννα ἰ ν-ἄραινν.

Do éirí Naomh Ruadhán, Naomh Ciapán, Naomh Colmán,  
 agus Naomh Dheanóan tamall o'á raogal ann, agus tús  
 Columcille cuairt ar an áit fheirín. Do éirí Naomh  
 Eanna na mílte fáilte poimhir, agus poimh a cara Dáicín,  
 agus do éirbeán ré an t-oileán dóib.

### ARAN OF THE SAINTS.

Aran of the Saints! How dear to us is that name! Truly, it is a beloved name, and no wonder. It is lonely, indeed, amid the western waves, but it is far removed from the tumult and temptation of the great world. It is a healthy place; its climate dry and invigorating; its waters pure; and the sky above it blue and bright.

It is certainly a beautiful place, with the sea ever rolling and heaving around it, a glorious sight to the eye, and an ever-varying chant of music to the ear.

Fair and majestic, too, are its cliffs lifting up their heads from the deep sea. The view from its rocky hills of the high mountains of Connemara, of Galway Bay, of the windings and rocks and woods of the mainland, can hardly be surpassed in extent and magnificence.

But, above and before all things, Ara na Naomh is loved, honoured and venerated by us on account of the saintly men who lived there, and especially on account of St. Enda.

St. Enda was born in the North of Ireland, in a place near Lough Erne. He was the son of a king, and grew up a strong, athletic, generous boy; but unfortunately he was quick tempered, passionate, and revengeful, and frequently fought with his enemies.

He had a holy sister whose name was Fanchea, who prayed for him continually; and, at length, converted him by her prayers. Enda now devoted himself entirely to the service of God. He sailed to Aran, and lived there as St. John the Baptist lived in the desert, in fasting, prayer, and penance of all kinds.

Hundreds of monks gathered round him, and Aran was filled with saints. More than one hundred saints are buried there in the one churchyard of St. Enda.

There lived in Aran, too, St. Ronan, St. Coleman, St. Ciaran, St. Brendan, and to it came now the illustrious St. Columcille. St. Enda gave him and his companion, St. Baithen, a hearty welcome, and brought them through the Island.

D

## NAOMH SANTAIL.

Lá dá fábhadar as riubail i tseannra céile éadadair ar uais móir.

"Cé tá curta annsan?" arsa Daitín.

"Ní'l a fíor againn," ar ríad ro a bi láitneac.

"Tá a fíor agam-ra," arsa Columcille; "rin i uais Santail, abb ó Jerusalem; 'do éuala ré tréact ar cáil agus ar éil na h-áite reo, agus 'do tréall ré go h-árainn cún a anama 'do fábdail. Fuair ré bár naomta agus tá ré anoir i bflatar Dé."

'Do táinig aingeal i láthair cún deimniúgadh 'do deanam ar an rgeul.

Inn an réamh n-aoir bi an Eupópa, agus móir-cúro tiorra ran Dóman Coir go móir-cúro céile le buairt agus le geur-bhuir. 'Do bhuir na h-allmúraig iréad ar Impireact na Róime, agus 'do rghioradair, a'r 'do creacadair, a'r 'do milleadair gac ad' ruo a táinig rómpa. 'Do teiceadair na criopouróte amac fe na pleibtib agus na fáraig cún iad féin 'do córaint ar na tioránaig. Sin mar a táinig Naomh Santail agus na ceorta eile ó'n bhfainnc, ó'n allmáin agus ó'n Eadail, go h-árainn. Tá tuamba áluinn an móir-feirir Rómánac le feircint i n-árainn.

Ir minic 'do riubail Columcille móir-timceall an oileáin; ir minic o'feuc ré ar Dún Aonguir, agus ar na tóntaib eile tairt timceall. Agus nac iongantac na tónta iad ro! Ní'l a leitéir le fagáil i n-aon éiríod eile fe luige na gréine inoiu! Tá móir-cúro cuimneacán ar Columcille le feircint fóir i n-árainn: tá tobair naomta Columcille ann, agus tugtar tular ann fóir; tair-beántar an áit 'nar rgar ré le Naomh Bheanóin; tá cpor éloice na rearam ann mar cómarra agus mar cuimneacán ar an rgaraimaint rin.

'Bi an oiread ran gíad as Colum o'árainn gur mian leir mainirtir 'do cúir ar bun ann, act o'eicig Eanna é nuair o'iarir fe an talam air.

"A' ttabarparó cú dom an oiread talimán a'r go leatfainn mo éocall air?" arsa Colum.

"Tabarparó," arsa Eanna.

## ST. SANCTULUS.

As they were walking together one day they came upon a large grave. "Whose grave is that?" inquired Baithen. "We do not know," said they who were present. "I know," said Columcille; "that is the tomb of Sanctulus, an Abbot from Jerusalem. Having heard far away the great name and reputation of this place, he journeyed to Aran as the best place to sanctify and save his soul. He died a happy death here and went to heaven." An angel appeared, and attested the truth of Columcille's words.

Many countries of Europe and the East were greatly disturbed in the sixth century.

The barbarians burst down on the Roman Empire and plundered and ruined all that came in their path. The Christians fled away to the mountains and deserts, and many to far off lands, seeking shelter from the ferocity of the invaders. In this way Sanctulus, and hundreds of others, came from France, Germany and Italy to Ireland and to Aran. The graves of the Seven Romans can still be seen in Aranmore.

There are many memorials of Columcille in Aran. His blessed well is still pointed out, and the people, even now, make pilgrimages to it. The spot where he took leave of St. Brendan is still shown; and a stone cross stands there as a memorial of the parting of the friends.

Aran delighted the heart of Columcille, and he wished to obtain from St. Enda the site of a monastery and church, but Enda refused. "Will you give me as much land as my cowl will cover?" asked Columcille. Enda consented to that. Columcille laid his cowl on the ground as he did in Tory Island, and it so expanded as to cover an acre. "Stop! stop!" said Enda; "that is not right; you will have too much."

The result was that Columcille got no land at all. We do not know why Enda refused. Columcille bore this refusal patiently, but declared it would not tend to the welfare of Aran.

At length Columcille bade farewell to Aran of the Saints; to Enda, Ciaran, Brendan and the rest, and set sail with tears in his eyes, across the sea towards

Do leas Colum a còcal ar an tcalam agus do leat ré amac nó gur clúdaigh ré acra.

"Stao, rtao," agra Eanna, "ní ceart é rin; beir an iomarca agat."

D'é ché an rgeil ná fuair Colum an oipeao a'r trois talman ó Eanna. Ní fear d'éinne cé'n fat gur eitigh ré é.

D'fás ré plán ag Eanna, ag Ciarán, agus ag Bheanbán agus do tús ré agairt aipir go brónac, agus go deorac tpearna na fairrige,

AR CUAN NA GAILLIHE, AGUS AR CUAN NA MARA.

D'fan ré ar peao d'pao ar imeallaib Cuan na Gaillithe, ag cairveal imears na ndaoine, 'gá deasgars agus 'gá rciúrad ar flige na fipinne.

D'oidirigh ré i nOibuidéal i Ror Muc agus tairt timceall. Tá beo-cuimne fós ag muinntir na gcrioc fan air; tear-beánann riao cloc móir ar a nglaoitair "Cloc Columcille," mar do réir mar a n-aitirtear, ir ar an gcloc fan do gab ré tpearna na fairrige ag cnaob-rsaoileao an t-Soirgeil nuair ná raib don báo le fagáil 'fan áit.

Tearbántair fpeirin an clair 'nar bainead tuiple ar agus é ag leigean a leabair diao.

Ir iongantac an tótrac agus an cion atá fós na gcrioite do Columcille. Nuair a cartar beirt ar a céile beannuigean riao d'á céile ar an gcuma ro, "Dia duit," "Dia a'r Muire a'r párpais duit, a'r Columcille."

Tugann riao, mar a gceirna tuipar gac bliadain ar tri tobnaoib ar an tpeaigh ar a nglaoitair tobnao Columcille.

Ba minic do Columcille ar bhuaoib loca Oibre. Tá rgeac géal le fpeirint ann go mbíod ré ag gurde fe n-a ríac, agus cnocán ar ar fearuigh ré nuair a tús ré an t-amarc deirannac ar "Arainn na naomh."

Do fribal ré móir-curo de Condae an Clair, agus de Condae na Gaillithe tuairim an taca ro, agus do tós ré eaglaip i gCillcolgan i Mainirtir Cormacáin agus i n-aitéaoib eile.

COLUMCILLE I ROS COMÁIN AGUS I SLIGI.

Do gab ré ó taob taob Condae Rorcomáin ag teasgars na ndaoine, agus ag cur a beannaeta ar gac áit.

### GALWAY AND CONNEMARA.

He tarried long by the shores of Galway Bay, and traversed the whole country bordering on it, preaching and instructing the people wherever he went.

He passed through Spiddal, Rossmuck, and the neighbouring country. The people there have still a veneration for his name. They show the great stone which is called "Columcille's boat," because, as it is related, he sailed on it over the sea to preach the Gospel, as no other boat could be found at that time. They also show the ditch into which he slipped whilst reciting the Divine Office.

Their devotion to the Saint is great, and they often salute each other after this manner: "God be to you!" "God and Mary and Patrick and Columcille be to yourself!"

They also make a yearly pilgrimage to three wells on the sea shore, which are called "Columcille's wells."

Columcille often journeyed by the shores of Lough Corrib. The people point out the whitethorn bush near Annadown, under which he prayed, and the little hill from which he saw his beloved Aran for the last time.

He travelled a great deal of the County Clare about this period, and through nearly all the County Galway. He built churches in Kilcolgan, Abbeycormacan, and other places. He blessed these Counties, and his blessing still rests on them.

### COLUMCILLE IN ROSCOMMON AND SLIGO.

Columcille travelled through much of County Roscommon preaching and instructing the people, and blessing every place.

He greatly loved Lough Ce, and spent many an hour by its beautiful banks. He built two churches by its shores, one on the northern side, at Aselyn, and the other at the south side, in a place now called Kilman.

As Columcille was resting one day with his monks a Bard came up with them. After mutual and kindly salutations they conversed long together, for Columcille loved the Bards.



"Do taitn loc Cé go mór leir, agus ba minic é ag amharc air, agus ag maictham ar éadtaib an domhain agus ar comhacht an Chrúitigteora.

"Do éog ré dá eaglais angho: ceann aca ar an tsaob tuair de'n loc i n-aice le Áda Sáilin agus an ceann eile ar an tsaob tear de, i n-áit ar a nglaothar anoir Cill Mátáin.

Lá dá raió Colum agus a manais 'na fuirde i tceannta céile, cé buailfeadh cúca ná báir. Taréir beannuadh, 'd á céile go caomh cnearta, do luigeadar ar cainnt agus ar comrad, mar ba mhór ag Columcille ná báir.

Tar éir tamail mait do caiteamh ag cainnt leo, o'fás an báir plán aca agus do gluais ré cum bótair.

"Cao 'na tsaob, a átair," arsa tuine de na manais, "nár iarrair ar an mbáir adrán do gabail, nó an éirir do feinnt dúinn?"

"O! an báir boct! an báir boct!" arsa Colum, "cionnur d'iarrfaim air adrán do rad, agus é i mbeul báir. Tá bearta ag a náimtoib air, agus tá rad tar éir é cuir cun báir." Níor b'fada 'na diair rin gur táinig rgeula cúca gur marbhuigead an báir.

"Do gab Colum tior Condae Sligis, agus do éog ré mórán eaglaisí ann: .i. i n'Druim na h-Áille, i n-Imloc fada, i gCorrainn agus i mór-curo áiteaduib eile.

Ir beas áit i gConnacetaib nár éirill ré ann. "Do cuir ré a beannacht ar an gCúige rin, mar ba mhór an grad a bí aige do muinntir caoin cnearta fionn-ghaedealac na Cúige, agus buirdeadar le Dia ir mór an grad agus an urraim atá aca ran do Columcille.

### naomh columcille, aspol na h-Alban.

Connac Naomh Fionán Columcille mar rae orda ag rgaipead a foluir ar éirne agus ar Alban. Tá a fion agaimn ceana féin an feadar ar a dein ré é reo i n-éirinn.

Feicimír anoir an folur niamhac ro do rgaip ré or cionn na h-Alban.

Bí an curo ba mhó w' Albain le linn an ama ro go h-ain-  
briopac, aineolapac, i n-oircead an báir. Bí an cneiteamh

After some time the Bard took his leave, and continued his journey.

"Why, father," said the monks, "did you not ask the Bard to sing, or play the harp for us?" "My poor Bard, my poor Bard!" said Columcille, "how could I ask him to sing for us and he at the door of death! Behold, he has just fallen into the hands of his enemies, and they have slain him."

Soon after news came that the Bard was killed.

Columcille travelled also through the County Sligo, and built many churches there: in Drumcliffe, Emlacfad, Corann, and in other places near by.

It is most probable he traversed the County Mayo, or, at least, a part of it.

There are few places in Connaught that he did not visit. He blessed that Province, because he dearly loved its kindly, truly Irish people, and, thanks be to God, great is their love and veneration for Columcille to-day.

#### ST. COLUMCILLE, APOSTLE OF SCOTLAND.

St. Finian saw Columcille as a golden moon shedding its light on Ireland and Scotland.

We have already seen how his light shone through Ireland. We will now see his light shine over Scotland.

The greater part of Scotland at that time was lying in darkness and in the shadow of death; and where the Faith did exist it was weak and in danger of perishing. But

1 gcontadaire mar gheall ar cógadh agus ácrann agus buairíneam na h-aimiríe rin.

Ní'l na h-ugdair ar don focal iocaoib an pat ar cuairt Columcille go h-Albain.

Deir cuid aca gur oibreath ar éirinn é mar gheall ar cógadh do cuir ré ar bun, mar go scaithead ré aicrúge do déanam mar gheall ar na daoineib do marbuisgeath ra cógadh ran. Áct deir na h-ugdair ir árraige agus ir léigeanca gur ar ron Dé a cuairt ré ann, agus deir ríad freirín gur b'é a mian agus a rogha, ó n-a óige, a beit 'n-a oiltreath ar ron Criorc, cún anamha do fábáil.

Tá ciorc na pírinne ar reo do réir mar a léigthead i mbeatha naoim farrán, agus ó ríribinnib náom Déve agus naoim ádarnán; áct caiththead domhughadh, am, go raib pó-cúirpeanna eile do tug do toul go h-Albain an t-am ran.

Táinig Columcille go h-Albain ra mbliathain 563 agus do 'réus manac' na teannta. Sio iad a n-ainimneaca—baitín, Cobhac, Earrán, Diarmuid, Ruircín, Fiachna, Scannal, Lughair, Eocair, Magtánna, Caornán, Sreallán.

Fir maite ciorca do b' ead iad, lán de shrao Dé agus de daonact; fir gur ceart dúinn urraim a'r shrao a beit aghainn dóib, agus beo-cuimne a beit aghainn orra.

### columcille agus an rí conall.

Táinig Columcille i dtír i gCeannntíre in-ait ar a nglaothar anoir ra mDeurla—Southend. Bí ciorc ran áit reo fadó, áct do tuit rí, agus ní fear dúinn ar cuireadh don ceann na h-ineath ó foín. Ir móir an truaas é munar cuireadh.

Do tug ré cuairt gan móill ar rí na h-áite; Conall do b'ainim dó. Cuir ré na mílte fáilte roimhir mar bí gaoil aca le céile.

Deirthead gur dhonn Conall air an t-oileán clúmhail ar a nglaothar í (Iona) mar áit comnuirte.

D'fan Columcille tamall maic i gCeannntíre. Tá a tobair beannuigthe le feircint fós ann, agus an uair 'na léigead ré an t-áirpeann.

De tneib na n'Óil-Árpaide do b'ead Conall. Ó éirí reath

now God sends St. Columcille to be the Apostle of the Scots, and so he must say, Good-bye! to the Native Land he loved so dearly.

Some authors say he went to Scotland in fulfilment of a penance imposed on him on account of a war of which he was the cause, and in which a great number of men were slain. But authors of the greatest antiquity and authority maintain that he went there for God's love, and for the salvation of souls.

These authors assert that from his youth he earnestly desired to be a pilgrim for Christ to save souls. This seems clear from what we read in the life of St. Faranan, and from the words of St. Bede and St. Adamnan. We may, nevertheless, freely admit that there were secondary causes which disposed him to go to Scotland precisely at that time.

The history of Ireland and Scotland of that period suggests and explains these causes.

St. Columcille arrived in Scotland about the year 563, accompanied by twelve monks, whose names were Baithen, Cobtac, Ernan, Dermott, Ruscin, Fiacna, Scannal, Lughaid, Eochy, Machonna, Caornan and Grellan.

They were good, courageous men, full of the love of God and the souls of men.

They deserve to be remembered by us all, and their names should be held in honour and in benediction amongst us.

Happy was that day on which Columcille and his companions landed in Scotland. It was the day of Salvation for that land—a day of joy in the sight of God and His angels.

#### COLUMCILLE AND KING CONAL

Columcille landed in Cantyre at a place now called Southend. A cross stood there formerly; but it fell down, and, alas! no other has been erected there since. It is a pity.

He visited without delay the king of the place, whose name was Conal. Conal gave him a hearty welcome, for

táinig an t-eadar seo ar dtús. 'Do ghlao an t-ainim rin oirra mar gheall ar an gcríoch dár b' ar iad; b'i an críoch i rin ná an dá cónaas ar a nglaoútar don Drioma agus an Dáim anoir.

'Do tugadh Dáil-Árda ar an áit seo mar gheall ar plait dár b' ainim do Cairbre Ruadh. Mac do Conaire, an pí bí ar Éirinn 'ra d'ara h-aoir, do b'eas é.

Deir na sean-ugúair go raib an t-eadar go as teacht go h-Albain ó'n d'ara, go dtí an réamh h-aoir.

'San aoir seo táinig tréimh mac do feargus Mac Eirca—Lorin, feargus mór, agus dongsur—ó Dáil-Árda go h-Albain le complaict mór fear, agus cuireadar fúta ann.

Ó'n am ran anuair bíod de ríor as trois le seanfóirne na tíre—na Cruicínis—nó gur cuireadar fe coir iad ran t-octmá h-aoir.

Ir deamhatac gur de ríocht na nSaebeal na Cruicínis seo. Pé rgeul é do maireadar go ríochtanta le céile ó'n am ran anuair.

Cruicínis do b'eas na Dáil-Árda agus bíodar go h-an-mhuinteartha le Colum agus le n-a manais.

### Í (IONA).

Ir oirdear, agus ir beannuighe an t-oileán é Í! Ir ionmhunn d'áin é mar gheall ar an gceirdear, mar ir ó'n áit seo do foillirís lócrann an ceirdear ar na d'áit i d'áit ó d'áit ar Albain agus ar cuio maist de Sárana.

Ir ionmhunn d'áin é ar ion Columcille féin, agus ar ion na ceirdear fear naomta do maist ann, o'fulaing pianór ann, o' oirdear ann ar ion Dó agus ar ion na n'aoine, agus do fuair dár naomta ann.

Ca d'áit o'áinne ná go mbeas Í go glóimhar fá réim aipir mar d'áit Colum 'na táirgearact—

“Í mo críoch! Í mo ghráda!

In-áit bí gur na manac beir gur na mbó

Ac gur má dtí an críoch do'n ríochal

Beir Í mar bí.”

O' fá Columcille plán as Conall agus do ghlair ré an fáirge amac nó go dtáinig ré i dtír i n-Í, i gcuair ar a

they were relatives. It is said Conal bestowed the famous Island of Iona on him as a place of residence.

Columcille remained a considerable time in Cantyre.

His blessed well is still pointed out there, and a cave is still shown which served for the chapel for his Mass.

Conal was king of the Scotch Dalriadians.

They were called Dalriadians from the place in Ireland whence they came—Dalriada—that is, the territory now embracing Antrim and Down. This territory was called Dalriada from a prince whose name was Cairbre Ruada.

He was the son of Conary, King of Ireland in the second century.

Old authors tell us that the Irish Dalriadians were going into Scotland from the second to the sixth century, when the three sons of Fergus MacErcu, Loarn, Fergus Mor and Aengus, went from Dalriada to Scotland with a strong body of men and settled there permanently, Loarn in the district now called Loam, Fergus in Cantyre, and Aengus in Islay.

From that time forward they fought continually with the Picts, the ancient inhabitants of the country, until they conquered them under Kenneth MacAlpine in the eighth century. It is probable the Picts were a branch of the Gaelic stock. Anyhow they lived together in comparative peace from that time onwards. The Dalriadians were Christians then, and they were always good friends to Columcille and his monks.

---

#### COLUMCILLE AND IONA.

Iona is an illustrious island—a blessed island!

It is dear to Ireland and to Scotland and to the Church, for from it the light of the Gospel shone over Scotland, the Northern regions and many parts of England. We venerate the Isle of Iona for Columcille's sake, and for the sake of the hundreds of holy men who lived there such holy lives, who laboured there for God and the people, and who died there the death of the elect.

The ancient glories of Iona are visible no longer, alas!

nglaodtar cuan na gCuiriac, ar an tAra lá deus de mí na Bealtaine, Doimnac Cingcife ra mbiaidain 563.

Do beannuis ré an t-oileán: o'árouis ré Cpoir Ceurta ar Slanuigteora or a éionn, agus do dóbir ré na veamain amac ar go bpat.

Annan do tós ré eaglaír beas, agus mainirtir, agus do vein ré cig caol do féin de élaracaid, agus de éleiteacaid. Do tounis ré féin agus a manais annan as gurde cun Dé agus as obair; as véanam tporasaid agus tpaonair, agus 'sá n-ullumugad féin i gcóir na h-oibre móire a bí i n-óán dóib. Bí an t-oileán go h-an-oireamnac cun na h-oibre rin. Ní raib re áct trí míle go-leit i n-a fáir, agus míle go-leit i leiteao.

Bí ré fuidte imearfis na tconn tpeun, ábpat ó cógao, ó buairpeam agus ó cátaib an domain móir.

### columcille agus rí bruo.

Nuair bí cúpla biaidain caitte mar seo as Colum ceap ré go raib an uain oireamnac cun an t-roirgéal o'ruasrao do na Cruicinió, agus ar nóir Naomh pátrais ceap ré 'na aigne féin dul lom-oíreac go oí cúirt an mios, daró' ainim Úrúo, cun a nain do cuir i bpeidm.

Obair éruaid contabartac b'eao i seo, mar laocra croda do b'eao na Cruicinió; ir minic pató do cuireadar na Románais ré coir agus le veanaise do élaoréadar na Dail-áráide ré rciúrad Úrúo, agus do marbuigeadar a ní daró ainim Sabran.

In-ainveoin rin a' uile o'fás Colum í agus do gluaír ré cun cúirte an mios i n-éirpeact le beirt naom eile—Comgall agus Ceannac. Ir veamratac go nveacadar tpearna na loc n-áluinn úo—loc Linne, loc Éil, agus loc an Eara, nó go rángadar oún an mios in-aice Inbear an Eara.

Níor taitn teact na naom le Úrúo agus o' árouis ré o'á reirbireacaid na dóire do dúnao oíra. Do vein Naom Comgall fíogair na Cpoire ar na dóirib móra agus láit-peac do pleargadar ar dian-leatao irteac nómpa. Do vein Colum fíogair na Cpoire ar na dóirib lairtis:

But may not Iona arise once more in glory according to Columcille's ancient prophecy :—

“Iona of my heart ! Iona of my love !

Where the song of the monk rose high in praise, shall be heard the lowing of the ox !

But before this world has run its course,  
Iona shall be itself again !”

Yes, may it be so !

Well, Columcille bade farewell to King Conal, and sailed onwards till he landed on Iona, in a harbour known as the Harbour of the Curraghs, on the twelfth day of May, the Vigil of Pentecost, in the year 563.

He blessed the island, and he raised the sacred Cross of Christ high over it, commanding the demons to leave the island now and for ever. A small church and a monastery were soon finished. He made a narrow house for himself of boards and wattles.

He and his monks gave themselves to prayer and study and work, fasting and penance, to prepare themselves for the great work for which they were destined by God. There was, indeed, nothing in the lonely island to hinder them in their holy work. It was far from the wars, the tumults and the temptations of the world.

---

#### COLUMCILLE VISITS KING BRUDE.

Having spent a few years in this manner, Columcille thought that the time had come to announce the Gospel to the Picts, so, following the example of St. Patrick, he determined to go straight to the court of their great king, whose name was Brude, and there begin his apostolic work.

It was a difficult and dangerous undertaking, for the Picts were brave, proud warriors, who often defeated the Romans in former times, and had not long before, too, under the leadership of Brude, routed the Dalriadians, killing their king in battle.

In spite of all this Columcille left Iona, and journeyed towards the king's fort near Inverness. There went with him two other great saints—namely, Comgall and Canica.



'o'orglaodan ar an gcuma gceotha, agus bí an beirt naomh 'na fearaí i láthair an ríog.

Do shab buile agus fearaí an rí; do nocht ré a claiúeamh, agus dearbhuig ré go mbeadh oighealltar aige i tsaobh an marla ro a tugaodan dó.

Do dein Naomh Ceannac comhartha na Cnoire or a cionn a' r' do tuit an lámh 'na ríab an claiúeamh, fuair marb le n-a tsaobh. Nuair a cónnaic ré an mhionbuit reo, do glac ré an crieúeamh go h-umail fonnmar, agus do bairt Columcille é tuairim na bliadhna 565. Do leigearaí a lámh an lá do bairteadh é.

Lá ácarac, doibinn, ronaíac do b'ead é o'Albain agus do'n Eaglaí, an lá do bairteadh an rí rin; mar ní h-amháin go ríab ré féin 'na Criorcuide d'áctacac, áct tug ré ceao o'á muinntir go léir an crieúeamh do glacaíod dá mba maí leó é.

Do caíit ré a beata go h-ionnraic agus fuair ré b'ar naomha.

### an cailín saeúealac.

Do shabáí cailín saeúealac lá agus do daoraí i cun a beit na rglábuide. O'raoi d'arb' ainim do b'roctán do ceannuig i.

Nuair a cuala Colum é t'ubairt ré, "Caiteíod mé an cailín reo do raoraí," mar ba mhór an cruas a bí aige dí.

Cuairé ré fá d'ein an o'raoi, agus o'iarri ré ari an cailín do rgaileadh uairé. T'ubairt b'roctán na deapad. O'iarri Colum arií ari, go bog a' r' go cruairé, go rgaileadh ré cun ríubail i. áct ní ríab don maí oó ann.

"Eirt liom, a b'roctáin," ar reirean agus iad araon i láthair an ríog; "muna rgaileíod tú raori an cailín rin do réir mar iarraim-re oir g'eobair b'ar ríul fágraí-ra an ceannair ro."

Le rin o'fas ré an áit, agus do gluarí ré noimí no go ráiní ré d'ba an eapa. Do tóg ré aníor ar an d'ainn meapós deap, b'án, com-áruinn agus t'ubairt ré, "Feuc ar an meupós ro: leigearraí mórán daoine léi. Agus eiríod

Their journey, probably, lay by the famous lakes, Lough Linney, Loughneil and Lough Ness.

The coming of the saints did not please Brude, and he ordered his men to shut the doors against them. St. Comgall made the sign of the cross on the great front doors and they were suddenly burst open. Columcille made the sign of the cross on the interior closed doors, and they also sprang open, and the three saints stood in the presence of the king.

Fierce anger seized King Brude and he drew his sword, and swore he would take vengeance on them for the outrage they had offered him. St. Canice made the sign of the cross and the King's hand suddenly withered. On seeing this great miracle, he believed the Gospel, and received Baptism at the hands of Columcille, about the year 565. The day he was baptised his hand was healed. That day was a happy and blessed day for Scotland and her people.

The king became a very faithful Christian; and he gave full permission to his subjects to become Christians if they wished. King Brude led an upright life and died a holy death.

### THE IRISH GIRL.

There was an Irish girl taken as a captive and sold into slavery in Scotland. A Druid, whose name was Brochthan, purchased her.

When Columcille heard this he was filled with compassion for the girl, and said to himself: "I must free that poor slave."

He went with this intention to the house of the Druid, and said to him: "Will you liberate that poor slave whom you hold in slavery?" But the Druid would not. In vain did Columcille often repeat his request. "Hear me, Brochthan," said he, in presence of the king: "Unless you free that slave, as I beg you to do, you shall die before I leave this district." But the Druid would not give up his Irish captive.

liom," ar reirlean; "cá Droctán rmaicthe um a taca ro; cá re 'na luige leat-maib ar an bhlár agus cá an áit ac ar a maib ré as ól, bhirte 'na lámhaib. Fanaimir annro go fóil nó go tacaib beirt eugainn le teactaire-ac ó'n ní, as iarraib ophainn capad cun Droctán oo leigear, mar cá ré ullam agus lán-toilcinneac anoir an cailín rin oo faoraib."

Ar an ndóimead fan cáinib beirt teactairí ó'n ní as iarraib ar Colum teact láitneac agus Droctán oo leigear, mar go maib ré i mbeul báir.

Ar cloirint reo oo Colum oo cuir ré beirt o'a cómh-bháitrib as triall ar an ní leir an gcloic beannuighe, agus ar reirlean leo:—"Má'r iud é go otoiigeann Droctán an cailín oo rgailead uair, cum an cloic ro i n-uirge agus tabair an t-uirge le h-ól oo; ac má eitigeann ré ro oo déanam, geobair ré báir láitneac."

Nuair a euala Droctán an rgeul ro oo rgaol ré cun riubail an cailín; o'ól ré an t-uirge 'nar tumaib an cloic, agus níorb' fada go maib ré 'na fáin-nit ariir.

Oo b'iongantac an cloic i reo; ir iomda tuine oo leigearab léi, agus oo cuiread i tairgse i imear as na reo n-uairal.

Sin mar oo faor an Naom an cailín doct Gaedelaac ro o rglábuigheac agus ó gádtar.

Oa móir an baó agus an oilre-choirde a bí as Colum oo rglábuighe agus oo deóruirde docta.

Ir iomda cailín Gaedelaac as páigint fóitín a taitaire, agus as imteact b'féitín le fuact agus le fán an t-raogail. Go tugaib Dia, trió imirde Columcille, go bpanfáir cáilíní na h-Éireann. "I n-Éirinn iac-glair doibinn."

### AN STOIRM AR LOC AN EASA.

Tamall gearr 'na diaib rin cáinib Droctán cun Columcille agus o'fiarraig ré de ca foim a bí ré ceapaisge ar an áit rin o'páigint.

"I gceann trí lá," arfa Columcille.

"Ní beir ré i o' cumar imteact an uair rin," arfa

The Saint then left the place, and moved forward to the river called Ness. He took from the river a beautiful white round stone, and said: "Look at this white stone. Many shall be healed by its means. Pay attention: Brochthan is chastised this moment by an angel: he is lying half dead on the floor, and the vessel from which he was drinking is broken in his hands. Let us stay here until two messengers come from the king begging us to return and help Brochthan, who is now willing to free the slave." And behold! there suddenly arrived two messengers from the king saying: "The king and his counsellors sent us to you to beg you to heal the Druid Brochthan, now in the agony of death."

On hearing this, Columcille sent two of his companions to the king, and he gave them the stone blessed, saying: "If Brochthan consents to free the slave, dip this stone in water and let him drink of the water, but, should he refuse to release her, he shall instantly die."

When Brochthan heard this news he at once set free the young woman. Then drinking the water in which the stone was dipped, he was healed without delay.

That was a wonderful stone; it healed many people, and was preserved among the royal treasures.

Such was the way Columcille freed the poor Irish girl from slavery and misery, for his heart was truly loving and compassionate.

Alas! alas! Many an Irish girl is leaving Ireland now and going into exile over the wide world, and the bad world, where exile is often worse than slavery.

May Columcille save the girls of Ireland from abandoning their Native Land, and from the slavery of foreign cities.

### THE STORM ON LOUGH NESS.

Soon after this Brochthan said to Columcille: "On what day will you sail from here?" "In three days," answered Columcille. "You shall not be able to do so," said Brochthan, "for I will make the winds to blow against you, and cause a great storm on the lake."

E

ὁποῦτάν; “μαρ ἰομπόδαο-ρα ἀν ἡαὸτ ἰ ο’ κοῖννιῖθ, ἀσυρ  
 κυρρεαὸ πτοῖμυ μῖλλτεαὶ ἀρ ἀν λοῦ.”

“ἴρ πέτοιρ τε Ὀια, μολαὸ ζο τοο λειρ, ἡαὶ νιὸ το  
 ὀεανῆμ,” ἀρρα Colum; “ἀσυρ κυρμ-ρε μο μῖννιζῖν Ἀνν.”

Ὁ ζῦλαιρ Colum, ἀσυρ πλουᾶς μόρ ὁαοῖνε ἰν-ἐῖνφεαὶ  
 λειρ, ζο ὅτι λοῦ ἀν ἑαρά ἀρ ἀν λά ’να παῖθ πέ ἀεραῖζε  
 αἰζε ἰντεαὶ.

Ὀῖ ἀν μέρο α οὐδαῖρ ὁποῦτάν ἀς τεαὶ ἐνν εῖρε.  
 Ὀῖ ἀν ἡαὸτ ζο βαγαῖτεαὶ φιαῖδιν ἀς πέτοεαὸ ’να κοῖννιῖθ:  
 νῖ κοῖνντεαὶ μόρα ἀς βῖρρεαὸ ἀρ ἀν ὀρῖαῖς, ἀσυρ μαρ  
 βάρη ἀρ ἡαὶ ὀναιρ, Ὀῖ ἀν ῥπέῖρ ζο ἡρῡαμαὶ, ὀοῖα.

“Τά ἀν λά ἑνν!” ἀρρα na Ὀραοῖτε: “νῖ βραῖαὸ  
 Columcille ἰντεαὶ ὅ’ν αἰτ ρα ἡαῖρ-φῖον ρο,” ἀσυρ ζο  
 ὀεῖννιῖθ Ὀῖ ραῖαρ ῥῡαὶ ἀρ na μῖννιζαῖς ἀῖαὸ α ἑαδαῖρ  
 ἀρ ἀν λοῦ, αὶτ το ῥρῖοῦ Colum ἰαο—“Ὀῖοῦ μῖρρεαὶ  
 ἀῖαῖθ” ἀρ πεῖρεαν; “ῥῡαοῖλῖθ ὀῦρ ρεῖλτα λειρ ἀν ῥῡαοῖ.  
 ἀρ ἀῖαὸ λῖθ ἰ n-αἰννιῖθ Ὀέ!”

ἴρτεαὶ ρα μῖαὸ leo ζο λειρ, ἀσυρ το ζῦλαιρρεαὶρ ἡ  
 λομ-οῖρεαὶ ἰ ζκοῖννιῖθ na ἡαοῖτε. Συαρ ζο ὅτι ρεο Ὀῖ na  
 Ὀραοῖτε ἀς μαῖαὸ ρε Colum, αὶτ ἀνοῖρ Ὀῖ α ἡαῖαῖρ ὀ  
 ῥῡεul αα: τῑαῖρ ἀς μαῖαὸ ρῡα ρέῖν.

Ὀ’αῖρῖς ἀν ἡαοῖτ ταμῖλ βεᾶς ’να ὀῖαὸ ρῖν ἀσυρ το  
 ῡῖννιζ Columcille ρῖλῖν ἀν αἰτ ’ναρ ἑαρ πέ τεαὶ ἰ ὀῖρ.

Ὁ τυζ na ὁαοῖνε ζο λειρ αεῡ μολαὸ ἀσυρ ἡῖοῖρ το  
 Ὀῖα, ἀσυρ το ἡεῖρτεῖρεαὸ ἀν εῖρεῖεαῖθ ’να ἡεῖρῖοῖθ.

### ἀν ρεαρ μαῖθ.

Ὁ ααῖαὸ ἀρ Colum um ἀν ὀααα, ρο Ἀβανῑαὶ κοῖρ,  
 κῡεῖρτα, μααῖντα. Βεῖρτ βεᾶς-εῖρῖοεαὶ, βεᾶς-μῖννιζ  
 το βεαὸ ἑ ρέῖν ἀσυρ α βεαν, αὶ ζο ραβῑαὶρ ’να βῡᾶῖαῖς,  
 αὶτ ὀῖομπῡῖρεαὶρ ρέῖν ἀσυρ α μῖρρεαν ζο λειρ ἐνν  
 εῖρῖοῖθ Cῡορτ. Ὀ’ε Colum το ἑαῖαῖς ἀσυρ το βῡῖρτ  
 ἰαο.

Ταμῖλ ’να ὀῖαὸ ρῖν το βῡῖλεαὸ μακ leo βῡεῖρῖτε,  
 ἀσυρ Ὀῖ ρε ἰ μῖοῦτ ἀν βῡῖρ. Νῡῖρ α ἐῡαλα na Ὀραοῖτε  
 ἑ ρεο το ἑοῖρῡῖρεαὶρ ἀς μαῖαὸ ρε ἀν βῡεῖρ βοῦτ  
 ἀσυρ ρε n-α ἡῖνῑοῖ. ἀσυρ οὐβῡαὶρ ἡῖρ κοῖμαῖαῖς na  
 Ὀῖεῖτε ρέῖν na ἀν Ὀῖα ρο na ἡεῖρῖοῖρῡτε.

"God can," said Columcille, "direct everything to the increase of His own glory and honour. I place my confidence in His great power and goodness."

The Saint, accompanied by a multitude of people, went to the shore of Lough Ness on the appointed day. And in all truth, a strong wind blew against him, and great waves broke on the strand; and, worse than all, the sky grew very dark and threatening.

"The day is ours," said the Druids; "Columcille cannot sail in this wild weather." And, indeed, the sailors feared the storm on the Lough. But Columcille, trusting in God, cried out: "Have courage! Unfurl your sails to the winds, and let us speed onwards!" They obeyed. When, wonderful to relate! the boat made way bravely and gallantly against the wind. The Druids mocked Columcille up to this time. Now, however, it is different with them, for they in turn are laughed at and mocked.

The wind changed after a little time, and proved favourable till Columcille reached that night the place he had intended to land.

The people glorified God for the great miracle He wrought, and the Faith was strengthened in their hearts.

### **COLUMCILLE RAISES THE DEAD.**

There lived then a Scotchman, who was a just and honest man. He and his family were good hearted and well disposed. He himself and wife and children wished to become Christians. Columcille instructed them by means of an interpreter and baptised them all.

Shortly after, one of his sons fell sick, and was at the point of death. When the Druids saw this they began to mock the poor father and mother, and said that their gods were more powerful than the God of the Christians. On hearing what was said, Columcille's heart burned with zeal on account of the insult offered to God.

He went without delay to the house of the young man who was sick. Sad to say, he found him dead, and his parents and friends in the deepest mourning.

Having endeavoured as best he could to console them,

An éloirint an rgeil ro do Colum bí a éroirde an lapað le díoghráir, i tsaob an mairla a tugad do Dia.

Cuairt ré go tci an áit 'na raib an corp léirighe i gcóir an uais. Dubairt ré leir na daoine fanamaint amuis agus cuairt ré irtead ra reomra 'na donar.

Do áit ré é féin ar an tcalam agus do corruis ré as suirde go lán-éiridead agus a rleat deór. 'O' eirig ré airir 'na fearam, agus do glao ré amac go h-áir—

“i n-áinim lora Cmuirt eirig.” agus b'é toil Dé gur eirig an fear ós plán ó'n mbár, go beo briosáir.

Do rus Colum ar láim air agus tug ré amac go tci a áir agus a máair é.

Bí áir agus uatbár i n-éiridead ar na daoine go léir, agus tugad an ceo molað agus glóir do Dia.

### an págánac deag-méinneac.

Lá dá raib Columcille as gabáil tpiro an tcait dubairt ré leo ro bí in-éiridead leir—“bhorcuigimí oppainn ré déin na n-áingal a táinig anuas ó rna flaitir inoiu cun anama págánais do bheit leo: págánac do áit a beata go maí, agus do cóiméad áiteanta Dé do réir a tuirint féin; tá na h-áingil as feiteam go mbairtfeair é.”

Do fiubal an nlaom go mear nó go náinig ré áit ar a nglaoútar anoir Gleann Urcáir. Annpán fuair ré an fear-duine—Émcat do b'áinim do—i mbeul báir. Bí áir éroirde air nuair a cónnaic ré Columcille mar ba mian leir an éirideam fíor do glacad pul a geobad ré báir.

Do tug Colum an teagars fírinneac dó, agus do bairt ré é; tamall beas na diair rin fuair ré báir agus cuairt a anam naomta fuar go flaitfeair Dé agus buirdeanta áingal na timdeall.

B' eactad an duine é agus beata neam-dionntad do áiteam imears págánac. Na tsaob fan fuair ré trócaire ó Dia, agus gráir an éirideam agus an beata fíoráirde.

he asked where the body of the boy was. The father led him to the place. The Saint then told the people to remain outside, and he went alone into the room where the corpse lay.

He threw himself then on the ground, praying with his whole heart, and shedding tears. He rose up again, and looking on the corpse, he cried out with a loud voice : " In the name of Jesus Christ arise and stand on your feet ! " And behold ! the young man arose from the dead full of life and strength.

Columcille took him by the hand, led him out, and gave him into the arms of his weeping parents.

Joy and awe fell on all the people, and they blessed and praised God a thousand times.

### THE WONDERFUL PAGAN.

When Columcille was going through the country preaching the Gospel, he said one day to those attending him : " Let us hasten to meet the angels who have come from Heaven to bear up with them the soul of a Pagan who has spent a good life, and has observed God's Commandments according to his lights. The angels are waiting that he may be baptised before he dies."

The Saint then walked quickly before his monks until he reached a place now called Glen Urquhart.

There he found an aged man, whose name was Emchat, at the point of death. The old man greatly rejoiced at seeing Columcille, for he had long desired to be instructed in the Christian Religion and receive the Faith.

Columcille gave him the desired instruction, and then baptised him. A little while after this the venerable man died, and his blessed soul, surrounded by choirs of Angels, went up in glory to Heaven.

Truly he was a wonderful man who led such a good life in the midst of Pagans. For this reason he found mercy before God, the grace of Faith and Eternal Life.

St. Columcille did much good work in Glen Urquhart, and, blessed be God ! many traces of his work can be still seen there among the people, who have been always faithful to God and to their Holy Faith.



### LOC ÉBIR.

'Do dein Columcille obair mair i nGleann Urcatairt, agus molaó le Dia, tá pian a cúro oibre le feicint fóir imearḡ na ndaoine; táio ríao go dílis fóir do Dia agus do'n éiredeam.

'D' oibriḡ ré mar a gceutna i Loc Ébir agus tá toraó a cúro raotair le feicint go roiléir ann inoiu.

An fáio a bí ré ran áit reo tús fear boct darr' ainim do Naoiréan, díroin do don oíche amain.

"An 'mó bó agat?" arsa Colum leir ar mairin. "Cúis cinn," ar ré.

"Deir ceuto a'r cúis cinn agat raria fáda," arsa Colum leir.

B'é toil Dé gur meudais ar a ríoc nó go raib cúis agus ceuto bó aise.

'Do tús an Naoim a beannaó do, agus d'á élainn, agus do lean an ríat agus an ronar oirra féin agus ar a ríoc.

Bí fear eile 'na comnuirde 'ran áit reo, agus cé go raib ré an-fairóbir, fear rannatá, doiceallat do b'eao é. Ní tabairfáó ré doirdeat do Colum, ná ní raib don fáite aise roime ná roim a com-briatire.

Dubairt Colum, lá, leir na daoine go scaillfeao an fear rannatá ro a cúro máoine ar fáo: go mbeao a mac as iarrair deirce, agus go marbófaide é féin le tuas, óir ná raib ré caréannat do oileir an Tigearna. 'Do tuit gac nio amac fé mar dubairt an Naoim.

### columcille agus eoin an creacadóir.

Tuairim an ama ro do mair fear comáctat, dána, díoc-aigeantat darr' ainim do Eoin.

Bí fear eile 'ran áit ceutna: fear boct cnearta, caréannat, agus tús re doirdeat do Columcille. 'Do cúir Colum a beannaó air, agus táinig an ríat agus an reun air, i scaoi gur eiríḡ ré fairóbir; Columbánur do b'ainim do.

Nuair a éannaic Eoin cionnur mar a bí as eiríḡ le Columbánur, táinig eio air, agus dubairt fé leir féin go mbeao cúro de'n fairóhear ran as fein.

**LOCHABER**

He also laboured in Lochaber; and the fruits of his labours are quite visible there even to this day.

Whilst in Lochaber, a poor man called Nisan gave him hospitality for one night. "How many cows have you?" asked Columcille.

"Five," said he. "You will have a hundred and five soon," said the Saint.

Columcille blessed his possessions, and the five cows increased to a hundred and five.

He also blessed Nisan, his sons and his daughters, and good luck and good fortune came upon them and upon their posterity.

There was another man in the place, a very avaricious man. Though very rich, he would give neither hospitality nor a welcome to Columcille and his companions. The Saint said one day to the people: "That avaricious man will lose all his riches: his son will be begging alms: he himself will die, for he was not merciful to God's pilgrims."

Everything happened as Columcille had predicted. The man was called Urogenius.

**COLUMCILLE AND JOAN, THE PLUNDERER.**

There lived about this time a man named Joan. He was a powerful, daring, obstinate and wicked man, and given to deeds of plunder. And there lived in the same place another man, poor, but kindly, who had given Columcille hospitality. The Saint blessed him, and he became rich. His name was Columbanus.

Nuair a éuala Colum cao a bí ar aighe ag Eoin túbairt ré leir san goir ná fuadao do déanamh. Níor éirí Eoin ploc ruime 'n-a cúro cainnte, ádt do goir ré cúro de maoin Columbánair nuair a fuair pé an éadai cuige. Do bagair Naomh Columcille díogaltar Dé air mar geall ar a éirpíteadt: ádt ní faib don máit do ann: do lean Eoin ag goir agus ag fuadao, agus ní faib aige do Columcille ádt tpoó-mear agus tarcairne.

Ní faib don eagla air roimh an nólige mar gaoi do'n ní do b'eao e; agus ruo eile, éap ré ná faib Colum i nglóiradt píde míle do'n áit.

Ádt ní faib an Naomh comh fada uair a' r' do éap ré. Do carao ar a céile iao, lá, agus túbairt Columcille leir:—"Ná bí ag goir maoin do comarran; imtíg láirthead agus cúitíg leir ar a bfuil fuadaigte agat uair." Ádt bí Eoin bog air: do rug ré leir a faib goirte aige ar bóro luinge: do rgaol ré na reolta leir an nsgaoit, agus ar go brat leir tar an móir-muir comigthead.

Da mór an buairt-aighe do éirí pé ar Colum nuair a connaic pé ag imthead é. Do fíubal pé irthead ra bfairrige 'n-a díair nó go faib pé ruar go glúinib ran uirge. Ann-ran o'áiruib ré a láma, agus do éirí pé ruar a gurde le díogair éirde cun Dé na glóire.

Nuair a táinig ré tar n-air do fíur pé ar énocán in-éirthead le n-a mánaig, agus ar reirean leo:—"Ní carpar annro go deo airí an fíadatóir malluigte rin, agus ceirpí air an tír 'na faib pé cun dul ann do baint amac; mar eiréóair fcoirim míllthead agus bárfar é féin agus a máirnéalaig i láir na fairrige. Círóir rib an gála ag bairthead amac ar an rgaill úo atá ag eirige anoir ar an bfairrige."

Ir ar éigin a bí an méir rin máirte aige, nuair do plearg an fcoirim go fíochmar fíadain, agus do fíuigeao Eoin agus a lons, agus a faib innti go h-íóctar na fairrige.

Do gab uaman agus eagla a faib láirthead nuair a connaicadar díogaltar Dé ar an bfeir tpoó-aigeanat ro, agus do glacadar an éirthead go fonnmar agus go h-uíail-éirthead.

There are, alas! many dangers and temptations in the train of riches. Joan coveting the possessions of Columbanus carried off much of his goods. When Columcille heard of the robbery he said to Joan: "Do not steal or plunder. Restore what you have taken away." But Joan heeded him not, and again plundered the possessions of Columbanus. Then Columcille, filled with sorrow, threatened him with the vengeance of God if he continued in his evil course.

Joan did continue his evil ways of robbery, and treated the Saint and his threatenings with contempt. He had nothing to fear from the monk or any man, for he was a relative of the king. And a third time he was engaged in plunder, at a place now called Ardnamurchar, when Columcille came suddenly upon him. The Saint said: "Why do you steal your neighbour's property? Lay down your plunder! Make compensation!" Joan turned a deaf ear, and mocked Columcille while the plunder was being conveyed on board his vessel, and with a defiant shout he loosed his sails to the breeze.

The soul of Columcille was moved with indignation at the audacity of the plunderer, and he rushed into the sea to his knees, stretching out his holy hands, as it were to seize hold of the ship. Then, raising his hands to Heaven, he prayed there in the midst of the waves. He then came back and sat down on the rocks with his monks, saying to them: "That wicked and accursed plunderer will never again return to this harbour, nor will he ever reach the land he is sailing towards. A tempest will arise, and he and his crew will be drowned. A storm will break out of that cloud you see gathering on the sea beyond." Thereupon the cloud gathered deeper, and the storm burst forth, and Joan and his crew were destroyed, with their ship and cargo of plunder. The people were confirmed in the Faith, and Pagans were converted.

A thousand thanks to God, the Faith is still living and vigorous in Ardnamurchar and in Arisaig, and in all the neighbouring county.

## OIRTEAR NA h-ALBAN.

Da mhór é mian Columcille anamhaca do feolaíó cum Dé. Is iomrúad mór a bí déanta aige céana féin in-lártaí na h-Alban, áit ní raib ré páirta cún go mbeaí an crieveamí ppeamhuighe go daingean aige 'ran Oirtear. Cuige reo do togaíó ré dá'neus o'da deirgioblaib cún an t-Soirgeil do éraob-rgaoileaoí ann. Fír léigeannta, oíada, fubáil-ceada do b'eaí iao. Déanfam cuip ríor beas do déanamí annro ar cuio aca, asur i otopac labarfaímí i otaob Matúin.

Mac ní ulaíó do b'eaí é. Nuair a bí Colum i n-Éirinn connaic an flait ós é asur ar reirean leir, "leanfao-ra tura a átaíó go deó."

"Ní féioir leat míre do leanamaint, a mhic ó," arfa Colum; "táir nó ós asur beaí raogal manais nó-éruaí-álad, nó oían oir: fan as baile ro'áir oúteáir."

"leanfao tura," arfa an buacail, "cún go otreóir-ócaíó tú cún Críort mé; is tura a beíó mar átaíó asam, asur an tír 'na n-eireócaíó liom anamhaca do feolaíó cún Dé na glóire, rin i mo áir oúteáir."

Da mhór an ionghaíó a bí ar Columcille ar élorint na b'ocai ro oí. Tus ré ceaíó do é leanamaint, asur o'eiríó ré ruar 'na fear oíada láí de gíarta Dé.

B' fín oíne de na fearaib do cuireaoí go oí Oirtear na h-Alban.

Nuair a bí ré cún imteaíó ar a turaíó do labair Columcille leir, "Nuair a oíopaíó tú go oí aca a beíó lúba ar nóí bacail eapbois, oíó eaglaíó annan, mar rin i an áit is toil le Oia go otopnópa."

Do gluaíó Matúin ar a turaíó nó go ráiníó ré an aca ar a nglaoíóar anoir an Donn, asur do oíó ré an eaglaíó 'ran áit 'na raib rí lúba ar nóí bacail eapbois.

Annan do míníó ré an Soirgeul do na oaoíníó; o'iom-puig ré cún an éreioim íao asur do oíen ré Críorouíóe maíte oíob.

Da ceaíó go mbeaí gíaoí asur upraim as muinntir Aberdeen do Naomí Matúin, mar is é do múin crieveamí Críort o'da rínnreap na ceuota blaíóain ó íoin.

### THE EAST OF SCOTLAND.

Columcille ever burned with zeal for the salvation of souls.

He had already done much in the West of Scotland, but he was not, however, satisfied with that. He wished also to spread the Faith in the East. For this purpose he chose out twelve of his disciples to preach the Gospel there. They were learned, virtuous, and holy men. We shall say a few words about one of them, St. Machonna.

Machonna was the son of a king of Ulster. When Columcille was in Ireland the boy saw him and said to him: "Father, I will follow you for ever!" "You cannot follow me, my son," said Columcille; "you are too young, and the life led by monks is too severe for you. Remain at home in your native land." "I will follow you," answered the boy, "till you lead me to Christ. You will be my father; and my native land, the place where I can save most souls."

On hearing these wonderful words Columcille marvelled greatly, and gave the boy permission to follow him. He did so, and he grew up a graceful young man in the sight of God and the people.

Such was one of the men sent by Columcille to evangelize the East of Scotland.

When this disciple was about to set out on his journey, the Saint said to him:

"When you come to a river that, at a certain point, bends like a bishop's crozier, there you shall build your church."

Machonna proceeded on his journey till he came to the river which is now called the Don, and he built a church in the place where it curved like a bishop's crozier. He preached the Gospel in that district, and converted the inhabitants to the Faith, and made them good Christians. That was the beginning of the present diocese and city of Aberdeen.

The people of Aberdeen owe a debt of honour to this Saint, who was the true Apostle and spiritual father of their Catholic ancestors.

## TUAISCEART NA h-ALBAN.

'O'oiriúg ré mar a gceudna i tuaisceart na h-Alban. 'Sé naomh 'O'hortán do rug ré leir ar dul ann dó. 'Do ghluaireadar ar aghaidh nó go rianáodar baile móir ar a nglaoútar anoir Aberdour, agus o'iarraodar ar máoir na h-áite, fearn oarb' ainim do bheo, ionas eaglaire do tabairt dóib.

'O' eiciúg ré iad, agus o'imtígeadar uaid. Níor b'fada 'na d'iaid rin sup buailead mac an máoir bheoíote agus bí ré i mbaogal báir. Táinig aitheadar ar an máoir agus do cuir re teachtairí na n'iaid ag iarraidh oirra carad agus go b'fáidairí inead eaglaire uaid; áct go móir-móir o'iar ré oirra guíde ar fon an buacalla.

'Do d'eineadar amlaid agus do leigearad an fear óg.

'Do tógadar eaglaire ainnran agus do cuireadar an cneideamh go daingean i scallamh ann.

'Do ghluair Colum agus 'O'hortán ar aghaidh nó go rianáodar áit ar a nglaoútar Deer ('Dair) agus do tógadar mainirctir agus eaglaire eile ann.

'O'eiriúg leo coimh maic ran agus do tógadar an oirleadh ran daoine cun an cneioimh go n'ubairt Colum go b'fáidairí ré 'O'hortán 'na d'iaid ann cun iad do múinead agus do ríúrad.

Nuair a cuala 'O'hortán an rgeul ran do goil ré go fuigead, mar ba móir an spaid a bí aige do Colum, agus níor maic leir rgarámaic leir; áct do tús Colum rólar dó ag rad, "An t-é a cuirear i n'oeóirib bainirí ré i nglair-teadar," agus ainnran tubairt ré, "Díod 'mainirctir na n'oeoir' mar ainim ar an mainirctir reo."

Iy fíoir sup fulaing 'O'hortán móir-cuio pianóir agus cnuadóir ran raogal ro; áct bí Dia buirdeac dó, mar do dóirí ré a sháirca ar a cuio oirbe i n'Daire agus tús Sé luac a cuio raotairí dó mar tá ré anoir i b'fáirtear 'D'eimears na h-aingead a'p na naomh go deo na n'oeoir.

## DEISCEART NA h-ALBAN.

'Do ghluair Columcille, tuaimh an ama ro, tair na h-áiteadar ar a nglaoútar anoir Banffshire, Forfarshire,

### THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

St. Columcille laboured also in the North of Scotland. In going there he took with him St. Drostan.

They moved forwards till they came to the town now known as Aberdour, and they requested a steward of the place, a man named Bede, to give them a site for a church. He at first refused, and they left the place. Soon after the son of the steward was seized by a heavy fit of sickness, and the lad was in danger of death.

The steward repented of having refused the saints, and sent messengers after them to beg them to come back, offering them the site for the church, and imploring the cure of his sick boy. They returned, and the young man was cured.

They built a church, and firmly rooted the Faith there.

Columcille and Drostan then moved on till they reached the place which is now called Deer, and there they erected a monastery and church.

So many were converted there by their preaching that Columcille determined to leave Drostan to minister to them.

When Drostan heard that he was to be left behind he wept bitter tears, so much did he love his master and father. But Columcille consoled him with the words: "He who sows in tears shall reap in joy;" and then said: "Drostan, let the name of this monastery be 'The Monastery of Tears.'"

It is true, indeed, that Drostan sowed in tears, but he gathered an abundant harvest even in this world, and he is reaping now the fruits of eternal glory in heaven. Deer was a fountain head of grace to all the country for a thousand years.

### THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

After this Columcille journeyed through the districts now known as Banffshire, Forfarshire, and probably through Perthshire and Fifeshire, until he came near the spot on which the noble city of Edinburgh now stands.

According to popular tradition, he retired to an island now known as Inchcolm (Colum's Island), and there lived in a stone house, which is still pointed out.



Perthshire agus Fifeshire nó go ndéanais ré an áit 'na bfuil  
cathair Edinburgh fúroite.

Do réir beul-aithne na ndaoine cuairt ré irtead i  
n-oileán ar a nglaoútar anoir Inir Coluim, agus oc  
comhnuis ré ann ar feadh abfadh i gclochar.

Do mair 'ran oileán ro 'na teannta ollaim léigeannta,  
agus fíor díada do ruais doirceadac agus an-bhíor na  
páigantacata, agus do chaoibh-réadail an chreideamh imearais  
muinntire an ceanntair thar timcheall.

Ir oirdeire, agus ir beannuighe an t-oileán é Inir  
Coluim, mar tá luaithe na naomh ro ann fós as feiteamh  
le glaoibh an ainseil.

Adc fairsior! ir baoglaic gur teairc tuine anoir a  
rmuaineas ar rtair agus ar clú an oileáin beannuighe  
reo, oir tá an raogal fé láthair, i n-uachtar, agus ní  
rmuaintear ar an ríorruirdeac. Go dtugair Dia go  
nóeanfar aic-beodcaint ar an dtuair go h-Inir Coluim,  
agus go scanfar glóire Dé ann fé mar a deintí 'ran  
t-rean-aimpíir fadó.

### columcille agus na ríste.

Ba móir an capadac a bí i gcomhnuirde idir Colum agus  
ríste na h-Éireann, agus ní luí na ran an t-ádh agus  
an cion a bí as ríste na h-Alban dó. Bí fé mar áthair  
agus mar comhairleoir aca i nglac chruaidcár.

Tuairim an ama ro fúair an ní Conall báir, agus bí  
conrróir agus oirpóireadac móir i t-ádh an oighe a  
tiocfadh 'na díad.

Do réir ríste na tanaisteadac, b'é Éogan (an mac ba  
ríne a bí as Sathran) an oighe oirteannac, agus bí Colum  
ar an aighe sceudna.

Tar éir na h-oibre go léir a bí déanta as Colum 'ra  
tír-móir, do cuairt ré irtead i n-oileán uaigneac, ar a  
n-glaoútar Hímba, cun maectnaim a déanam ar Dia, agus  
ar an obair móir a bí roimíir. An fáir a bí fé annro  
áiníis ainseal cuise, agus o'óruis ré do ní do déanamh  
o'áodán, an mac do b'óige.

Anyhow Inchcolm is, without doubt, an illustrious island.

There lived learned teachers and holy men, who dispelled the darkness of ignorance and Paganism, and spread the light of Faith over the whole country round about. They died there, and its clay is venerable and blessed.

Alas ! it is greatly to be feared that a few only think of the history and glory of this holy island ; for the prosperity of this world blinds men to the things of God, and the beauty of holiness.

Yet, who knows but in God's good time pilgrimages may be made to Inchcolm again, and its glories renewed ! May the praises of God be heard there once more as in the old, old times !

### **COLUMCILLE AND THE KINGS.**

There was a great friendship between Columcille and the kings of that time in Ireland and Scotland.

He was a father and counsellor to them.

King Conall died about this time, and there was a great controversy regarding his successor. According to the law of Tanistry, Owen, the oldest son of Gabran, was the lawful heir, and Columcille was of the same opinion.

The Saint, after his great labours on the mainland, went into retreat in the Island of Hinba. Whilst there an angel came and commanded him to consecrate as king, not the eldest but the youngest son, whose name was Aidan.

### **COLUMCILLE CONSECRATES KING AIDAN.**

The angel showed him a transparent book like glass, in which Aidan's name was written, as also the manner of consecrating him.

Columcille was reluctant to obey the angel. At last, however, he consented, and sailed away for Iona. When he met

Do tairbeáin an t-aingeal do leabair mar rḡdán 'na raiḃ ainim doḃán, agus an t-rlige ceart cun a coirreaceta, rḡriobḡta ann. Ní ró-mait a taitn re reo le Colum, aḡt ré deirnead do toiliḡ ré leir agus do tuis ré aḡarḃ ar í. Nuair a caraḃ doḃán air do leas ré a lám ar a ceann, agus o'iair ré ar Oia a ḡnarta do doircaḃ air; annran do coirriḡ ré é i n-ainim Dé agus i n-ainim na h-eaglaisre, agus do cuir ré corḃinn na ríogaceta ar a ceann i látair na noaoine go léir. Deirtear gurḃ' é reo an ceo uair do deirnead ní do coirreacan.

Annran do labair Colum le h-doḃán, agus tuidairt ré, "Deir an corḃinn aḡat-ra agus aḡ do ríocḡt go reo, má'r ruḃ é go bḡaḡad-ra agus mo manaiḡ, agus mo muinn-tir i n-éirinn, ceart a'r cóir uair; aḡt má deirneann ríḃ eugcóir orḡ-ra nó orḡa-ran, deirtear léir-rḡmḡr orḡ-ra, agus ar do ríocḡt.

Fairḡr! do deirnead an eugcóir agus do lean an léir-rḡmḡr é.

Lá dá raiḃ Colum aḡ cainnt le n-a cara Diarmuid, tuidairt ré leir go h-obann, "Buail an cloḡ, a Diarmuid!" Do buail, agus do bailiḡ na manaiḡ go léir ircead ran eaglaisre. "A bḡáitḡe," arḡa Colum leo, "ḡuḡmír anoir ar ron doḃán mar tá ré oirnead cun tui ra cat. Do ḡuḡdearḡ go léir go ríogḡairead ar fead tamail; annran do labair Colum, "Tá an buad aḡ doḃán aḡt do oíol re go dooir ar."

Bí an ceart aḡe: do cáill doḃán ra cat ran tḡí ceo rear agus a beirt mḡc.

Bí ríor-caradair, mar a' ḡceudna ioir Colum agus an ní ḡáitḡarḃ; b' rín é an ní a bí i ḡceannar tair éir báir bḡáro. Ar comairle Colum do tḡs an ní reo eaglaisre bḡeas uair i n-onóir do Naomh bḡiḡḡe i n-Abernethy, a aḡt comnuḡḡe réin.

Deirtear gur tainis mḡa-maḡalta, i bḡad ríome rín, ó cloḡar Naomh bḡiḡḡe, cun comnuḡḡe annro, agus deirtear gurḃ' é ní na ḡcḡuḡtnead a tuis cuirnead oíḃ teadḡ ann, uair dá tuis ré cuairḡ an éirinn. Tá naonbḡr aca curḡa 'ran eaglaisre reo.

Aidan he put his hand on his head, prayed over him and blessed him. He then took him and consecrated him in the name of God and the Church, and put a crown upon his head, and enthroned him solemnly in the presence of the people.

It is said that this is the first instance in Christian times of the consecration of a king.

Columcille then spoke to Aidan, and said to him : "The crown will remain with you and your heirs for ever, if you and your successors act justly and fairly towards me and my monks here, and towards my people in Ireland ; but if you, or your heirs, do injustice to me or to them, destruction will come on you and upon your successors."

Alas ! injustice was done, and ruin followed.

Columcille loved Aidan greatly. One day he suddenly called to Dermott, his companion, to ring the monastery bell. Dermot did so, and the monks went into the church. The Saint threw himself on his knees, and said to them : "Brothers, let us now pray for King Aidan. He is just going to give battle." They prayed fervently. Then Columcille cried out : "Aidan is victorious ; but he has paid dearly for his triumph." And truly, for Aidan had won the battle (of Miathe), but he lost three hundred men, and his two sons were amongst the slain.

There existed a true friendship also between Columcille and King Gartnaid, the successor of King Brude, who died in the year 584.

By the advice of Columcille, this king built a noble church in honour of St. Brigid, in Abernethy, where he had then a royal residence.

It is said there were Irish nuns of St. Brigid's Order dwelling there before this time, and that they came there at the invitation of a king of the Picts, who was in Ireland in the days of St. Brigid. Nine of them were buried in this church.

F

## AN RÍ RUADORAIS ÉIL.

‘Do mair an rí seo i nDúnbarcon : bíod ré i gcomnuirde  
as trois leir na Sapanais, agus ba minic é i gcontabhairt  
a anama.

‘Do cuir ré teactaireacht as triall ar Colum trát s’a  
fiapruige dé, cia sca a bpaíad ré báp ar a leabair nó ar  
páirc an buailte. “Abair leir,” arsa Colum; “go bpaíad  
ré báp ‘na tús féin, ar a leabair féin, imears a éiríve  
agus a saolta.” Agus b’ fín é oíneac mar a tuit amac.

## AN RÍ OSWALD.

Bí sí eile darp’ ainim do Oswald go raib áro-srao,  
agus áro-urraim aise do Colum, cé go raib an Naom ran  
uais le fad o’aimpín poime rin, agus seo é an fát:—  
Trát dá raib ré as dul cun cogair i scoinnib an ríog  
comactais do Ceadwalla, do ráinis ré áit i ngar do  
Hexham, ar a nglaoctar anois Heavenfield, agus do cuir  
ré a arm beas i gcóir cun cata.

Annran do fín ré ar an scalam mar bí re corra, tréit-  
leointe; do tuit a córlaó air go ráin agus do veinead  
cairdeam iongantac do. Cear ré go bpaíad ré fear  
dactamail, deas-cúmta, glóimhar, ar a raib culair eudais  
ó batar go bonn a bí níor gile abpaíad ná an rneacta.

Tús ré fé nveara go raib a cuir eudais as veanam  
vóin do’n longhorc go léir aet o’ don cúinne beas amáin.

Annran do labair an fear glóimhar ro leir: “Ír mire  
Columcille; bíod mirneac asat agus oibuis go fearamail;  
árouis an énoir céarta mar bpat cata. Teipis ra cat  
san ríat san easla. Leaspar ar lár Ceadwalla, agus  
tiocfair-re abailte go buadmar, briogmar, lutzáineac, cun  
do ruogact féin, mar tús Dia m’ atcuinge dom-pa, molaó  
go deo leir.”

Nuair a dúirís Oswald o’innir ré o’a raigeaóirib an  
cairdeam do veinead do; do glacadar meanamna, agus  
sealladar go mbeoír ‘na scóirpóiríde tar éir an cata.

Do táinis sac nio cun críde ré mar a tuidair Colum:  
bí an lá as Oswald; do tuit Ceadwalla agus do tuit an  
pógantact in-éirneact leir.

**KING RIDERIC HÆL.**

This king lived in Dunbarton. He was always at war with the Saxons, and his life was seldom out of danger.

He sent messengers to Columcille to inquire of him whether he should die by the hands of his enemies or in peace. "Tell him," said Columcille, "that he will die in his bed, and in his own house;" and so it happened. Some ancient authors say that the king's mother was Irish, and that he himself received instruction in the Faith in Ireland and was baptised there.

He was a brave and generous king, and zealous for the propagation of the Faith.

**KING ST. OSWALD.**

This saintly king was very devoted to Columcille, and truly no wonder. It is related that when Oswald was going to fight against that mighty king Ceadwalla, and was encamped in a place near Hexham, which is now called Heavenfield, he had a vision.

Having prepared his little army for the coming battle, Oswald lay down wearied and worn, and slept. In his sleep he thought he saw a man of surpassing beauty and glory clothed in garments whiter than the sunlit snow. And his garments seemed like a mantle of protection over the whole camp.

The man in shining garments spoke: "Fear not! I am Columcille. Have courage and do manfully. Raise on high the Cross as your battle flag; march out the coming night to battle and you shall conquer, and Ceadwalla will be delivered into your hands. You shall return in triumph and reign gloriously, for God has granted me my request."

Oswald awoke out of his sleep and related the dream, or vision, to his soldiers, and they were filled with courage, and promised to become Christians after the battle.

All that Columcille said in vision was fulfilled. Oswald gained a complete victory; Ceadwalla fell and Paganism with him.

Columcille had died long before this time; but in heaven, as on earth, he always prayed for the Saxons. He most earnestly desired their conversion and eternal salvation,

Le linn airmire Còluim bìob na Sapanais agus na  
bheatanais as comhac go dian le céile. Da mian le  
Colum na Sapanais do tabairt cun an cneirim, agus bìob  
fálte a' r' fíde le pagáil as don t-Sapanac a tiocrad go tci í.

### naomh dothán.

B'é Naomh dothan do tug na Sapanais cun an cneirim.  
Manac ó í do b'ead é. Do rugad i n-Éirinn é, aet ní'l don  
veimhin agaimn ar aic a bearta. Tá a fíor agaimn am sup  
toisair Dia é cun na Sapanac do teagars i b'fíor-  
cneireamh Críort; sup veinead earbog de, agus sup cuir  
ré mainirtir ar bun as Lindisfarne.

Ar nór í, lócrann an t-Soirgél do b'ead Lindisfarne.  
B'fíú o' eipeannais rdair na mainirtnead reo do leigean  
agus cúnntar ar beata na b'ear naomta do comnuis innti.

Arrol fíor-óilir do b'ead dothán. Do fad ré ó taob  
taob na tíre as teagars na n'aoime agus 'sá reolad ar  
bochar a leara.

Da minic an ní Oswald 'na teannta, agus o'airtugead  
ré na reanmóintí ó f'aeóilg go Deupla na Sapanac do,  
mar o'foglaim ré an f'aeóilg i n-Éirinn.

Nár b'ead, agus nár b' doibinn an raobarc é! an ní  
agus an t-earbog as oibruagad i teannta céile ar pon  
glóire Dé agus cun anamna do f'aoiagad.

Níorb' don iongnad i n-don cor sup iompuis na mílte  
agus na mílte págánac cun an cneirim, agus ní cóir,  
ceannra, trócairead, as cabruagad le naomh diaða, caomh,  
cnearta.

Ar an dothar ran ir féoir linn a raó sup tugad an  
cuir ir 'mó de Sapanac cun an fíor-cneirim t'ir eadair-  
guirde Còluim agus t'ir raotair a veirgiobail.

### columcille agus naomh mungó.

Le linn oibruagad do Colum i n-Albain, bí Naomh Mungó  
as obair go dian in-aic ar a nglaothar Spac Clathaig  
(Strathclyde).

Do rugad Naomh Mungó i n-Albain 'ra mbliadain 514,  
aet do réir mar a'oir na h-ugthair léigean, eipeannac  
do b'ead a mátar.

and heartily welcomed every Saxon who came to Iona; and many Saxons were in Iona under Columcille.

King Oswald loved Ireland fondly, for he owed her much. Ireland received and protected him when driven out of England. He was instructed in the Faith and educated in Ireland, and there he received Baptism with the twelve companions of his exile.

Oswald was an apostle as well as a king, and, before all others, co-operated with St. Aidan in the conversion of his people, the Saxons.

---

#### ST. AIDAN.

St. Aidan was born in Ireland, but we do not know with certainty the place of his birth. He became a monk in Iona, and from there he was sent forth a bishop and apostle to preach the Faith to the Saxons. He established the great monastery of Lindisfarne. What Iona was for Scotland and the North, Lindisfarne was for the Saxons. And it can, indeed, be truly said that Lindisfarne gave apostles to all England.

Aidan was a true apostle. He travelled continually hither and thither, preaching the Gospel, instructing the people, and administering the Sacraments.

St. Oswald often accompanied Aidan and translated his sermons and instructions from Irish into the Saxon tongue; for Oswald had learned our Language when an exile in Ireland.

What a delightful and beautiful sight! Saxon king and Irish bishop working together for the glory of God and the salvation of the souls of their people. Aidan was a gentle, kindly man, and the king was a man of zeal and mercy. No wonder that thousands and thousands of Pagans were converted to the Faith when two such men laboured together for their welfare.

Aidan and Oswald, and their helpers from Iona and Lindisfarne, may well be counted amongst the apostles of England.

---

#### ST. COLUMCILLE AND ST. MUNGO.

Whilst Columcille was working in Caledonia St. Mungo,



Fuair Naomh Mungó a cuio oideachair i gCúl Ror i bFifeshire, ó Naomh Seirbean. Do éirí ré a oige go rubáilcead, agus o'ghruigeasó 'na pasairt é. Tar éir úirto Deannuigste do glacadó dó, do tug ré pluas móir daoine móir-timceall Glarcu cun an éireoinn.

Catair móir áluinn 'reao Glarcú anoir, áct ní raib innti an uair rin áct rraio-daile. Bí muinntir an daile 'na gCrispouirte maite agus o'atcuingeasóar ar mungó a beit mar earbog ór a gcionn. Do cuasóar com dian ran air nar b' folair do géilleasó dóib, agus do glac ré óro Deannuigste ó láim earbois Saedealaig. Annpán do gluair ré go fonnmar ar fuair na tife, ó Sterling go Liverpool, as múineasó briatair Dé do na daoineib. Nuair a cuala Columcille iortaob na nótte reo go léir ba móir an t-ácar agus an bróo a bí air. Ba mian leir cuairt a tabairt ar mungó cun onóra do tabairt dó, agus cun go pasairt i gcomhairle a céile.

Ar an inntinn rin do gluair ré féin agus a cuio manac ar bhuac aban an Cladaig (The Clyde), cum Glarcú, as canasó go bhinn-glórac ar an rlige dóib, molta agus glóire Dé.

Nuair a bíodar atcumair do'n Catair do connacasóar Mungó, agus buirdean-ceoil aige, as teact 'na gcoinnib agus for-gluairéact móir daoine á leanamaint. Nuair a táinig Colum ruar cúca, tug ré féin agus Mungó pársasó oíl-éirideas, agus póg an t-rioteána, o'á céile.

Annpán do bí reancur aca ar reao tamail maite ar nótib a bain le Dia, leir an eaglaig, agus le cnaob-rsaioleas an éireoinn.

Nuair a bíodar as rsgaraimaint agus as pásaing rlan as a céile do beineasóar a mbaicill do malairt mar comairt caradair agus dondacta.

### COLUMCILLE I N-EIRINN AIRIS.

Ir beas tuine náir cuala go minic tráct ar an bfeir móir do tionólas i nDruim Ceata.

Ili fear uíinn go cinnte cá bpuil an áit 'nar tionólas an feir reo, mar ní h-é rin an t-ainim atá ar an áit anoir;

or Kentigern, was labouring in the country called Strathclyde.

Mungo was born in Scotland in the year 514, and was educated by St. Servan at Culross in Fifeshire. Having led a very virtuous life, he was ordained priest, and after that he laboured in the district where Glasgow now stands. There was in those days only a small town there. But Mungo having converted large numbers of the inhabitants, became their first bishop. He was consecrated by an Irish bishop. He then travelled the whole country from Stirling to Liverpool, preaching the word of God and administering the Sacraments.

When Columcille heard all these good tidings he rejoiced exceedingly.

He eagerly wished to visit Mungo to show him honour and to ask his advice. So with this object in view, he and his monks proceeded along the banks of the great River Clyde towards Glasgow.

St. Mungo, with his monks and clerics, set out in grand procession to meet them. As they advanced to the place of meeting both companies filled the air with holy hymns and canticles for the glory of God and the honour of His saints. When the two saints met they threw themselves on each other's necks, giving to each other the kiss of peace.

They then conversed together on the things of God, on the interests of the church and the salvation of souls.

When bidding farewell to each other, they exchanged their pastoral staffs as a sign of friendship and unity.

#### **COLUMCILLE RETURNS TO IRELAND.**

Some time between the year 574 and the year 590 a great Parliament, or Feis, was held at Drumceat. We do not know for certain where this place was, but probably it was close to the present Limavady, Co. Derry, in a place now called Enaght, on the River Roe.

To be present at this Feis St. Columcille came back to Ireland from Iona.

This great Parliament of the Irish Nation was called to settle three important questions :—First, the dispute between the King of Ireland and the King of the Dalriadians.

áct ir deamhratac go bfuil ré i n-aice léim an máta, i gCondae Doire le coir na h-Abann Ruad.

Tuairim na bliadhna 574, nó mar aoir ughdair ariughte ra mbliadhain 590, 'reath tionólaó an fíeir reo.

Cao cuige gur tionólaó i?

Cun trí níóte tabaictaca do péirteac. 'Sa ceuo tui ríor, cun pé aighnir a bí ioir ní na h-Éireann, agus ní na n'Óail Áraide, do focruíad. Bí ní na h-Éireann as éileam éirce nó cáine orra: ní rabadar ran páirta cun é íoc, agus bí gac don deamhran go mbead 'na cogaó dearg láitneac.

La na fíeir o'eirig an t-Áro-ní doó i láitair an éruinnighe, agus o'atmuis ré go raib pé ceapaghte aige an cáin reo do cuir ar na 'Óail Áraide, agus i baint amac le raodar claidim óa mba gao ran.

Bí ní na n'Óail Áraide as éirteact le cainnt an Áro-níog áct níor cuir pé píoc ruime innti; tuidairt ré ná raib don fonn riam air an éric rin o'íoc, agus gur luga na ran an fonn a bí air anoir é déanam.

Annpán o'eirig Columcille 'na fearam, agus do péir na rean-ughdair do labairt ré mar leanar:—"Macthaig a ní mór-cómacthaig, ar an ruo atá ar aigne agat a déanam. Ná bac leir na 'Óail Áraide; ná bí ro-éruar ná ro-dian orra; tá náimhe 'na otimceall, agus ir minic iao as tpoio leo, agus ir ní-minic iao i gcontabairt a léir-rípuorta. Deat ré abar ní ba ríogamla duit-re cabair agus coimirc a tabairt dóib, ná beit as éileam cáine agus as bagairt cata, orra. Tabair dóib raoirreac, agus leis dóib beit neam-rpleadac, agus beid riao ar na cáirtoib ir fearn a bí riam agat, agus cabrócair riao leat i n-gac cruatocain." Sin mar a labair Colum.

Do cuir an méio a tuidairt ré i n-iúil do'n ní agus do luic na fíeir náir ceirt an cáin rin do cuir ar na 'Óail Áraide. Do toligadar le n-a tuidairt ré, agus do deineadar a comairle. O'eirig an ní agus tuidairt ré go ndéanfaide gac níó fé mar a comairlig Colum; annpán o'iarr ré ar an Naom a breiteamtar do tabairt agus an ceirt do focruíad. "Ní tabairt mo breit ar an gceirt reo," aipra Colum; "áct iarrt ar an Earbog Colamán a breit a tabairt ar an gceirt agus i do péirteac."

O'eirig an t-Earbog Colamán agus eus ré a breit mar

The King of Ireland demanded a tax from the Dalriadians. They, however, refused to pay this eric or tax, and war, accordingly, seemed imminent. When the Feis was assembled the Ard Ri Hugh stood up and declared openly that he had determined to impose a tax on the Dalriadians, and to enforce its payment, if necessary, by force of arms.

Aidan, the king of the Dalriadians, heard the high king's purpose, but remained firm—nay, even obstinate—in his resolution not to pay it.

Columcille then addressed the great assembly, and, according to old authors, spoke after this manner :—

“Reflect, O great king, on what you are about to do. I beseech you not to meddle with the Dalriadians. Do not be hard, unfeeling, and stern with them, for they are surrounded by enemies, often engaged in war, and in danger of being utterly destroyed. It would be more kingly on your part to assist them than to impose taxes on them, or threaten them with war. Give them liberty and independence, and they will be for all time your loyal friends and good helpers. I entreat you, therefore, to grant them freedom.” Thus did Columcille speak, and much more besides.

His discourse brought conviction to the king and the assembled Parliament. Full assent was given to his words, and his counsel was followed. The king rose up, and said to him : “Let that be done which you asked ; give your judgment and sentence on the question and it shall be settled for ever.” “I will not give judgment,” answered Columcille, “I will ask Bishop Coleman to pronounce judgment and settle the matter in dispute.” Bishop Coleman stood up and gave the following decision :—

“Let the Dalriadians enjoy freedom and independence for ever ; and let there be an alliance and league at all times between Ireland and them. Let the Dalriadians always assist Ireland in her campaigns on land as is their duty to the mother country ; and let Ireland assist the Dalriadians

leanar:—"Bíod' rasoiread' agur neamh-ppleáda' sa tír seo, as na 'Dáil Áraíde' go deo na n-éor; bíod' connrad' agur caradair iomr' iad agur na h-Éireannaigh i gcómhúirde. Cabruigea' na 'Dáil Áraíde' leir na h-Éireannaigh ar mhír agur ar talamh, pé mar ba duál doib' cabruiga' le n-a dtír dútcáir; agur cabruigea' na h-Éireannaigh leó-ran ar an gcuma gceutna; bíod' a bfuil de fhuíocht 'Dáil Áraíde' in-Éirinn pé maíaltar na h-Éireann."

Bí an pí agur luí na feire go lán-tráirta leir an peir-tea' ro agur do cuigea' i bfeidm láithea' é.

'Do gabadar a mburdeadar le Colum agur le Colmán i staob' ar deineadar cun rioctána agur donda' do buanuig' na meargh.

'Ó'n lá ran anuas bí ghrá, agur caradair iomr' Éirinn agur 'Dáil Áraíde' agur le congnam' 'Dó' beir pé amlaio' go deo.

### NA BÁIRO.

Bí ceirt eile—ceirt ádhannac' do-peirteighe—ór comhair na feire, .i. ceirt na mBáir. Bí an pí i bfeirg leo; agur cao' fad' go raib' pé i bfeirg leo? Mar bíodair com' oíomhain, com' rannac', agur com' rppíuntlaite rin, go raib' an moíad' go léir t'pí eile aca.

### COIRE NA SAINNTE.

'Deirtear go raib' corcán, nó coire, aca, ar a dtug' "Coire na Sainnte." Ar dul irtea' i dtig' doib' do cuirtoir an coire seo i lár an úrláir, agur do tórnuiigtoir as gabáil amháin. 'Gasa' muinntir an tige annran agur do cáitoir aigheo' irtea' 'sa coire. 'Do moltaí nó do cáintí iad do péir an t-pintúir a cuirtoir sa coire.

B'fin é mar t'iomcáirtoir iad péin, ní h-amháin leir na daoine, a'c leir an áir-pí péin.

'Deirtear com' dána ran gur iarradar an peo uaral úo ar a nglao'adar an "Ró Cpoi." Nuair a cuata an pí é seo bí pé ar deargh-buile, agur tuidair pé go gcuirtear pé rma'c' oíra, nó go n-óirdeo'ar pé glan amac' ar an moíad' iad.

'Do no'c' pé do'n Comhaltar go léir an ruid a bí ar aighe aighe a deanaí, agur bí gac' don deamhán go raib'

in the same manner. Let Dalriada in Ireland belong to Ireland alone."

The king and Parliament having heard this decision, adopted it, and they thanked Columcille and Coleman for all they did to preserve and foster peace and unity between the people of the two countries.

From that day forward Ireland and Dalriada were ever united in the bonds of loyalty and love.

#### THE THREATENED DESTRUCTION OF THE BARDS.

The second matter to be settled was a more difficult one. It was the question of the Bards. The king was incensed against them, and had vowed to exterminate them from the whole land, for they had grown so idle, so covetous, so uncharitable, that they disturbed the whole kingdom.

#### THE POT OF AVARICE.

It is said they had a vessel which was called "the pot of avarice." On entering a house they placed this vessel on the middle of the floor, and then began to recite their poems and histories and sing songs.

The people were then expected to come forward and throw money into the vessel. If they threw in much they were praised much; if they threw in little, they were abused without measure. They behaved after this manner not only towards the people, but towards princes and kings as well, and even the Ard Ri himself. They at last grew so bold that they demanded from him that famous royal jewel called the "Ro Croi." When the king heard this he became wild with rage, and determined to destroy the Bards, or banish the whole Bardic Order from the kingdom.

luét na feire ar an aigne sceutona, agus go raib na báirt i muict a noibearta.

### COLUM AS PLÉIO AR SON NA MBÁIR.

Ba móir an buairt-aigne a cuir ré ar Colum nuair a tuig ré an cruaid-éar 'na raib na báirt, mar ba móir an gnao a bí aige dóib.

O'eirig ré i láthair an cruinnighe agus tug ré cainnt taitneamhac, tuigseonac, éiréactac uair. Sió i an cainnt "A Rig foillrig móir, a flata, agus a taoiread, éiríú liom anoir: domuigim go bfuil na báirt cionntac; tá cur aca leirgeamhail oimhoin, reannadac agus bhuig-eantac; áct ar a son ran a' r uile ba ceart oib macctnamh a déanamh ar an obair móir-tairbteig atá déanta aca ar son na h-Éireann.

"Náe iao ro na fir oo rsiob rtair 'na h-Éireann? Náe iao na báirt oo éan go binn blaíra, gniomharta uair, cruad, na iughe agus na laoc, agus na bfeair gcalma oo thair i n-Éirinn ó ainmhir i n-ailloir. Cé canfair gniomharta na bfeair léigeanat atá bailighe annro inoiu? Ní'l éinne cun a déanta áct na báirt. Oibrio na báirt agus cé beir agaid 'na n-inead cun teangán, agus rtaire, agus lirimdeacta na h-Éireann oo múinead o'bur gclainn?

"Cuimnigir mar a' sceutona gur fir éirdeamhac, macánta iao uirioir na mbáirt. An ceart nó cóir go noibneofairde go h-iomlán iao, mar gheall ar cuirpdeact an fíor-deagáin?"

Nuair fuir Colum o'eirig na daoine go léir agus tuisiadar o'don-gut, "Tá an ceart agat; tabair oo breit agus beiróimí ráirta." Oo toilig an naoim agus oo rocuighead an ceirt mar leanar:—

Oo dein ré react cun lionmhairdeact na mbáirt oo lag-tuagad; agus oo ceap ré olige eile a bainfead an leirge agus an trainnt agus an rpiúnlaigheact oe curo aca.

Sió iao na olighe:—

"Ná bead áct don báirt amáin as gac ní, as gac flait, agus as gac taoiread."

"Go ttabairfearde poinnt talman raor ó éir oo gac duine aca."

The king unfolded his designs to the assembly, and there was every probability that the Parliament would be of the same mind, and that the Bards would be destroyed.

---

#### COLUMCILLE DEFENDS THE BARDS.

Columcille saw the danger, and was greatly troubled in mind on account of his great love for the Bards.

He stood up in the assembly and delivered a most powerful and effective discourse.

“Most excellent king, princes and chieftains, hear me. I freely confess the Bards are blameworthy; some of them are lazy, many are avaricious and quarrelsome, and grave scandals and abuses have arisen amongst them. But, pause and reflect on the great work they did for Ireland in the past.

“Are not the Bards the men who have written the history of Ireland and faithfully guarded our traditions and customs? Who but the Bards recorded the noble deeds of our kings, of our warriors, of our brave men? And who but they will hand down to posterity the brave deeds of the great men assembled here to-day? Yes, who but the Bards?

“Destroy the Bards and your sons and daughters will be ignorant of Ireland’s story and Ireland’s literature and music. Forget not the glories of the Bardic Order in the hour of its disgrace. The abuses are many, but the greater number of the Bards are honourable and learned men. Is it lawful, is it just, to destroy the whole body for the crimes of a few?”

Such, in substance and argument was Columcille’s impassioned appeal for the Bards. His words moved all listeners. The whole assembly cried out: “You are right; give judgment, and we shall be satisfied.” Columcille consented, and so the whole question of the Bards was left to him. He settled the question in the following manner:—

He lessened the number of the Bards, and made stringent laws to check the uncharitableness, the avarice and idle-



“So mbeaó pearra, teac, agus talamh gac b’airé pé tearmainn agus pé coimirc an tligé.”

“Do cuir pé órbuagó ar oirdeacar na tíre mar a’ gceutona. Sroiaó na tligíte do ceap pé:—“So gcuirfidé ar bun Oll-rsoilleanna ’na múinfidé gac ealaóda agus gac ceáro t’óghaib na h-Éireann.”

“So mbionnfaidé ponnit aigéio, agus ponnit talman le h-aghaid a gcoitigíte.”

“So gcuirfidé ar bun Comaltar oirdeacar pé rciúrad an b’airé flait, Dallán Forghall, cun na tligíte seo do cuir i bfeóim.”

### Dallán Forghall.

Fear léigeannta, tuigseonac díada do b’eao Dallán Forghall. Do cuir pé móir-curo Oll-rsol ar bun ar fuaid na h-Éireann: i Már Riadaó, i Magrleacá, i mBuiregne agus i Rat Coimnig ’ra Míde. Cuir pé áro-b’airé or cionn gac Cúige cun na mbáro agus na n-ollamh do rciúrad. Sroiaó ainimneac na n-áro mbáro agus na h-áiteanna ’nar reolaó iao:—doó Eigeap or cionn na Míde; Árimaol or cionn na Mumán; Seanaóclán or cionn Coimnig agus fepbe or cionn Ulao.

Di oirdeacar oirdeannac do’n raióibir agus do’n daióibir le raóáil ionnta. O’foghluim clann na n’aoine-uafal gac raóar liriódeacá, agus gac ealaóda a beao oirdeannac o’á leitéioí. Do múineao doó mar a’ gceutona gac cleap a’ cluice a bain le h-armaib agus le coagó, le marcuióeacá agus le gac raóar iomara-fála.

Do múineao do clainn na n’aoine mboct cionnur léigseoirdeacá agus rsióibneoirdeacá do déanamh, agus gac céio a beao oirdeannac o’á rligé beata ran raógal ro.

O’foghluim na cailíní liriódeacá agus gac nro eile do tearcóacá ó cailíní oga, .i. fuagáil, cniotáil, figseoirdeacá, nigeacá, cócaireacá, agus iudáí eile.

O’foghluim curo aca tligé agus ióideacá, agus filiódeacá, agus gan don gó, bí eolar beacá aca ar raiar na h-Éireann.

ness of so many of them. Some of the principal regulations were:—There should be only one Bard for every king, prince, and chieftain. A certain portion of land, free of rent, was to be set apart for each of them. The person, house, and land of each Bard should enjoy the privilege of immunity.

Columcille gave his attention also to regulating the system of education. These were the laws he framed and had adopted by the Parliament:—Universities should be established to teach the sciences, arts and trades, and every becoming accomplishment. Lands and rents to be given for their maintenance. A council of education to be formed under the Prince Bard, Dallan Forgaill, to put these laws into execution.

---

#### DALLAN FORGAILL.

Dallan Forgaill was a learned, wise and pious man, and was honoured as a saint. He founded many Universities throughout Ireland. He placed an Arch-bard over every province to direct the Bards and professors teaching in that province.

The young nobles learnt, in addition to polite literature and the sciences, military exercises for war, horsemanship, throwing the lance, chess, &c.

The poorer youths learnt, in addition to reading and writing, the trades that belonged to their state and calling in life; they also rendered services to the young nobility, and often received in return their support, or some other kind of help.

The education of women was by no means neglected. They studied the literature and history of their country; and were taught, besides, whatever was suitable for young women to learn, such as sewing, knitting, weaving, washing, cooking, and the art of ornamentation and embroidery. Some of them, we know, were highly versed in law, medicine, and poetry.

Irish women in those far off days were suitably educated to fulfil with dignity and success their position as wife and mother.

### TORAD AN T-SÁĞAS SO MÚINEAD.

Ciúitear dúinn gur cuir an rásar ro móð múinte ronar, agus reun, agus naé ar Éirinn. Bí cneideadh agus diaðact, leigean agus ealaída, gá múinead o'gánaid na tíre, agus bí a torad ran le feicint, ní h-amháin i n-Éirinn acé ar fuair na h-Euprópa. Sé rin an móð múinte a tug an teirioill úo, "Oilean na Naorh a'p na n-Ollamh," o'Éirinn: ré rin an móð vo cuir i gcumar na bfean noiaída leigeanca úo polur an t-Soirgéal vo rásapead ar Albain, ar Sapaná, ar an bfrainnc agus ar an Allmáin, agus vo tug doib mar a' gceutona, gac ceáir vo múinead, a bead áireamail upáirveac vo daoinib cun rúge maireamhna vo baint amac ran rasoal ro.

### SLÁN LE DRUIM CEATA.

O'eiur gó ri-mait le Colum as Druim Ceata. Vo reitcis ré an triomad ceir a bí or comair na feire rin .i. rasoirpeac vo tabairt vo Scannlán Mór mac ríos O'ruirde. Fuair ré ceo rasoirpeacá vo o'n dro-pí doo.

Mile molaí le Dia ar son ar dein ar Naorh o'Éirinn agus o'Albain as feir Druim Ceata!

### CÚIL RACÁIN.

Bí veirpead anoir leir an obair a tug Colum go h-Éirinn, agus bí gac éinne páirta.

Caitpead ré a cúil a tabairt airí ar a tír dútdair agus plán o'fágaire aici; acé ba mian leir pul a n-imteocad ré, na mainirpeacá vo cuir ré ar bun o'feicint airí. Cuise rin vo gluar ré ré déin Cúil Racáin, mar bí cuirpead rásáilca aise o'n Earbog Conaill cun fléirde agus féarta ann. Vo tug na daoine móir-cúir bionntanar i gcóir na fléirde reo, agus bíodar go léir cruinnighe le céile ar an rráir.

Nuair connaic Colum bionntanar fir áirighe darb' ainim vo bpeanóin dubairt ré leir na daoine, "Cá Dia buirdeac vo'n bfean ro, mar cá ré carannac rial o'á boctaid." Ar feicint bionntanar fir eile darb' ainim

### THE FRUIT OF THIS SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

This system of education, as we have already seen, made Ireland prosperous, happy, learned and holy. Faith and piety went hand in hand with learning and science, and Irish youths and maidens stored their hearts with virtue while they filled their minds with all knowledge.

This system worked wonders, not only at home in Ireland but all over Europe, wherever the Irish monks went to preach the Gospel, and extend learning and civilisation.

At home Ireland was "The Island of Saints and Scholars," while abroad Irish saints and learned men were apostles and teachers—in Scotland and England, and through every nation of Europe. With the spread of Holy Gospel and the Catholic Faith and the highest learning, those Irishmen taught every useful trade suitable for the home, the workshop and the field. The very soil of Europe owes much to the skill and the teaching of those holy and patient apostles from the Island of Saints.

---

### COLUMCILLE LEAVES DRUMCEAT.

When Columcille had settled the dispute between Ireland and Scotch Dalriada, and saw the Bardic Order saved from destruction, and had succeeded in having Scanlan Mor, King of Ossory, liberated, he said farewell to Drumceat. His work was done. It was truly a great and blessed work, and may he be praised for it!

---

### COLUMCILLE AT COLERAINE.

The Saint, now that he was home in Ireland once more, was very anxious to see some, at least, of the monasteries he had founded. With that intention he left Drumceat and travelled to Coleraine, where Bishop Conall had prepared a great banquet before him.

The people made many and generous presents for the feast, and these were all gathered together on a wide cloth. When Columcille saw the gifts of a certain man called Brendan he said: "The mercy of God rests on this man on account of his goodness to the poor." On seeing the presents of another man whose name was Columbus, he

G

to Columbur tuidairt ré,—“Ní blairfead bláine de dhonn-  
tanar an fíor seo maran ruo é go ndéanfaid ré aitéirge.”

Nuair a éuala Columbur na focail seo do éirí ré é  
féin ar an tcalamh agus gheall ré go dtabairfead ré tuisim  
lám do'n t-plainnt fearca, agus go ndéanfaid ré aitéirge ar  
ron a éionnta. Do dhein, agus bí Dia buirdeac dó.

Nuair a éonnaic Dheanóán cad a bí deanta as  
Columbur, táinig ré féin agus dein ré an cleas ceitona,  
mar cé go raib ré carctannac rial, ní raib ré gan loctairb.  
Do tug Colum comairle a leara dó, agus do bog ré a  
éiríde cun aitéirge a déanamh.

“Ír beannuighe iad luict na trócaire, mar beid trócaire  
Dó le fágáil aca.”

#### COLUMCILLE I GCONNACTAIB AN DARA h-UIAIR.

Do gab ré tuisim uimhóir Cúige Connact aitéir. Dheirtear,  
ar fhoirint tuisim na h-áille dó, gur tós ré rian ó'n  
mbár ingean an áirí-í doo, do batad ran abainn atá  
in-aice na h-áite. Do tuisil ré go Cill Mór, i Ror  
Comáin, agus tugad flead mór do ann.

As riubál tuis Connacta dó, lá, éonnaic ré buacail ós,  
deag-cúmta, caom, cnearta, rubáitcead tairb' ainim do  
bairín. Do mól ré an fear ós ro agus a tréite mairte ór  
comair an pobail go léir.

Níor éirí an mól do leir an bfeair ós, mar bí eagla  
air go n-eiríodad ré ró-uairdeac agus go mbead an iomarca  
meara aige ar féin. D'iair ré ar Dia bheirídeac, nó ruo  
éigin do cuir air do fíora do ó'n uairde é. Tug Dia corad  
air a fíore; táinig galair éigin air a bí 'gá fíora do gab  
lá nó gur orsail an báir tóirre na bflatar dó.

#### COLUM I OTIR GLAIS.

Ír deamraccad gur gab ré tuis Cúige Laigean agus Muhan  
feirín, agus gur tug ré cuair ar na mainirdeacair do  
cuir ré ar bun ann. Tug ré cuair ar an tír glar i  
tíobhuir árainn. Nuair a ceartuig uair tuis írtead ran  
eaglaí ann, ní raib társ ná cuairt le fágáil ar an  
eocair; do buail Colum ar an tóir le n-a buacail as  
t'orsail ré láirdeac dó.

said : " I will not taste of the offerings of Columbus unless he repents of his sins." When Columbus heard these words he threw himself at the Saint's knees, saying : " I turn my back on my covetousness, and I will do penance for my other sins." He did so, and found mercy.

When Brendan heard this much he came, too, and cast himself in the same way at Columcille's knees ; for, although he was charitable, he was not free from many faults. Columcille spoke to him about these sins. He repented, and obtained pardon from God. " Blessed are the merciful, they shall find mercy."

---

#### **COLUMCILLE IN CONNAUGHT.**

He journeyed once more through a great part of Connaught during his stay in Ireland. It is said he, on reaching Drumcliffe, raised to life the daughter of King Hugh, who was drowned in the river that flows by. He also went to Kilmore in the Co. Roscommon, where a great feast awaited him.

It is told that whilst in Connaught he saw one day a young man named Baithen—a well-shaped, healthy, very virtuous boy. He praised this young man in the presence of the whole community. On hearing these praises Baithen was sorely troubled, and, fearing to fall into pride, he prayed God to send upon him some affliction that would save him from pride.

God heard his prayer ; sickness came upon him, and he gradually pined away, until death opened to him the gates of bliss.

---

#### **COLUMCILLE VISITS TERRYGLASS.**

It seems probable that Columcille at this time visited Leinster and Munster, and some of the monasteries he had established there.

He certainly paid a visit to Terryglass, in the Co. Tipperary, about this time. When the Saint, and the procession of religious with him, came to the church the key could not be found. Columcille touched the door with his staff, and it opened, to the amazement and wonder of the community.

### colum aḡ baile an t-súdaire.

Bí fluas mór daoine bailiḡte i n-áit ar a nglaoḡtar anois baile an tSúdaire (Ballysodare) cun fáilte a cun roimhir. Bí moir-cúro óḡa naomta Cúroir ann. Bí Naomh Libánia ann, Naomh Cipea, Naomh Mella, aḡur Naomh Oḡnata: 'na tceannta rúo bí moir-cúro earbog, riḡte, flat, aḡur na mná-uairle do b' doirtoe dá raiḡ 'ra cín. Bí a fíor aca go raiḡ ré cun imteact ar éirinn aḡur tángadair cun plán o'fáḡaint aige.

### na riḡte do cuill na flaitis.

Do tḡiall Columille ó tuair annran nó go ráimis ré an áit 'na raiḡ an t-Áro-rí doḡ 'na cónnuirde.

Lá dá rabadair aḡ reancur le céile, o'fiarriuis an rí oé an mó rí de na riḡtib a mair le n-a linn réin, a cuair go flaitear Dé.

"Cuair," aḡra Colum, "tḡiúr aca ann a bí an-oiaḡa aḡur an-earcannac, aḡur ríó iao iao,—Oairin, rí Oirḡialla, Oilioll, rí Connact, aḡur fereveac, rí Oḡruirde: níor deacair go flaitear Dé, ḡan rianta purḡadóirdeacta o'fulaing, act an tḡiúr ran. "Aḡur an raorfar mire?" aḡr' an rí."

"Ní raorfar tú," aḡra Colm; "maran ruo é go noean-fair aiteḡe."

"Cionnur ip féoir liom buaḡcaint ar na laigrib?" aḡr' an rí.

"Ó Cuise laigean do b'ead mo mátar," aḡra Colum; "aḡur do ḡeallar do munnair Óair máig ná buaḡfad aon rí go deo oḡta dá mba go mbeoir aḡ tḡoir ar fon an éir; act pé i n-éirinn é tabairfad coḡall tuir, aḡur ní marbófar go deo tú an fáir a' beir ré oḡt."

Do dein an rí dearmad ar an coḡall do cuir air aḡ Cat bealac an Oúin aḡur do marbuiḡead é.

### slán le n-eirinn!

Bí an t-am aḡ oḡuirdeamaint le Colum anois nuair a caitead ré imteact aḡiúr ó n-a cín tuéair, aḡur ba mór an bḡón aḡur an tḡeḡoir cḡoirde a bí air mar ḡeall air.

### COLUMCILLE AT BALLYSDARE.

He then journeyed northwards to a place now known as Ballysdare, where a great multitude assembled to greet him.

There were many holy virgins of Christ there, St. Libania, St. Kyria, St. Mella and St. Osnata, and with them many holy bishops, kings, princes, noble ladies, and a multitude of people. They knew he was about to leave Ireland soon, and they came to wish him the last sad farewell. So it was a day of greetings and farewells.

---

### THE KINGS WHO WERE SAVED.

Columcille still travelled northwards till he reached the place where the High King, Hugh, was living.

One day the king asked him whether many of the kings who lived in his own time, but now dead, were in possession of eternal bliss.

"Three of them are," said Columcille. "They were very pious and good—Davin, King of Oriell; Ailill, King of Connaught; and Feredach, King of Ossory. Only these escaped the pains of Purgatory." "But shall I be saved?" asked King Hugh. "You shall not be saved," answered Columcille, "unless you repent sincerely."

"How can I conquer the Leinster men?" inquired the king, with a sudden turn from the things of heaven to the battlefield.

"My mother was from Leinster," said Columcille, "and I promised the people of Durrow that no king should conquer them as long as they had right on their side. I will give you, however, a cowl, and you shall never be killed in war as long as you wear it." We are told the king went into the battle of Beallachdoon without Columcille's holy shield, and was slain that day.

---

### LAST FAREWELL TO IRELAND.

The hour had now come, and he must leave his native land for ever. Great was his sadness and grief on bidding this last farewell to Eire, for his heart was most fondly and deeply attached to her. He must go, however, for



mar bí a éiríodé greamuigíte i n-“Eirínn iad-glair na naomh;”  
 aót b'éigin do beir rárta le toil Dé. “Do éiríodé ré ar  
 bóro luinge i gcúil Ratáin agus tug ré a aghaidé ariúir  
 ar í. Nuair a táinig ré dom fáda leir an gcúilgíte-  
 suairne ar a nglaoútar anoir Cuirac Breacain, connaic  
 re raðarc uaithéar. “Do batad ran plugairne millteac  
 ro, bliadanta roime rin, flait raib’ ainim do Breacan.  
 Sé an raðarc do connaic Colum ná cnámá an fíri seo d’a  
 gcaiteam tall ’r aófúr, anonn ’r anall, ar barr na ttonn  
 briocthar!”

“Siaó ran cnámá ar gcóil-ceatar Breacan,” arsa Colum;  
 “agus do tairbeáin Dia dúinn iad éin go n-óenraimír  
 suirdeáin ar a fion, ionnur go bfuarglóraide ar a  
 riantaib, agus go bfasaó a anam doibnear na bflaitéar.”

“Do suirdeáin ar a fion go ríograireac, agus do connac-  
 aóar anam Breacain as dul ruar ar neam go geal-glóimhar.  
 Tar éir tamail big eile do fíoraíóar í. “Do éirí na  
 manais na mílte fáilte rómpa agus tugsaóar ceut molaó  
 agus glóir do Dia i tsaó a raib óenata as Columcille  
 ar fion na h-Eireann agus na h-Alban.”

### AN COMHRAC ÉIN-FÍR.

Bí Colum, lá, go buartha agus go trí n-a céile. “Cao  
 tá ort, a aóir?” arsa duine de na manais leir. “Bí  
 comhrac éin-fíri roir beirt uairle in-Eirínn anoir agus  
 do marbuisaóar a céile.” Fuairsaóar rgeula ’na díad  
 rin gur b’fíri díreac mar a tuit amac.

“Ófíarpuis na manais de cionnur a geirbeac ré eoluir ar  
 nioctib a bí ceilte ar óaoine eile. “Ófíreagair Colum mar  
 seo, “Ta óaoine,” ar seiréan, “agus ir fíroir leo an roimán  
 go leir d’feicirint le roir don gac gréine amháin. “Do  
 féin a bí ré as tairbeac: gíartha Dé do b’ead an roir do  
 tairbeáin gac nio dó. Tair eile connaic ré teime ó neam  
 as lorgaó baile-móir ran loadil, agus a raib de óaoimib  
 ann, mar geall ar a gcuirpceacé.”

### AN T-EASBOG CRÓINÍN.

Táinig earbog Tair i mbreig-muót go h-í. Bí fíor  
 as Colum, áh, go raib ré pé óro beannuigíte. “Domnac

it is the voice of God and poor souls that calls him away. With the "grey eye ever turned to Eire," he sets sail from Coleraine for Iona.

On coming to the great whirlpool, now called Corrybreacan, he saw there an awful sight. A prince, whose name was Breacan, was drowned several years before this time in that angry whirlpool, and what did Columcille now see but the white bones of this man being whirled round and round in the seething pool!

"These are the bones," said Columcille, "of Breacan our relative, and Christ has shown them to us that we may pray to God for him that he may obtain full remission of his sins and eternal joy."

They then prayed fervently there in their boat, and they saw the soul of Breacan ascend to heaven in the light of glory.

After a short time they reached Iona safe and sound. The monks welcomed them with their whole heart, and blessed the great God for all He had done by means of their father, Columcille, for the good of Ireland and Scotland.

---

#### A DUEL IN IRELAND.

Columcille one day appeared very sad and troubled. "What ails you, father?" said the monks to him. "Alas," he answered, "two noblemen are just now fighting a duel in Ireland. They have wounded each other. They are dying." And such had really happened, as they learnt afterwards.

"Father," asked a monk, "how do you get knowledge of hidden things like these?" "There are people," said Columcille, "and they see the whole world lit up most brilliantly as in one glorious sunbeam." He was speaking of himself: for it was given him to see everything in the light of God. In the same way, we are told, he saw fire falling from heaven on a town in Italy, destroying its inhabitants on account of their wickedness.

---

#### CRONAN, THE BISHOP.

Another time there came a bishop in disguise to Iona. Columcille, however, knew he was a priest. On a certain

áiríste do eus Colum cuirtead dó cun an áirínn do léigead i n-éinfeact leir. D'infíuic Colum go geur é nuair a bí ré ar an altóir agus ar ré leir, "Go mbeann-uigíó Críóiré tuic a b'áitair! Coirpúg do péir úiró Earbois mar tá fíor asam gur earbog tú. Cao fáé tuic é céile cóm fáda ran oiríann in-inead é innrínt uúinn, ionnur go ttabarfaimír do duatgar onóra agus urraime tuic. Do gab iongantár an t-Earbog agus a naib láitneac, agus do tugadar molaó a'r glóir do Dia.

Da móir an gnaó a bí as Colum do na peacais bocta: bíod ré i gcomnuiré as gurde ar a ion, gá gcomairliugad, agus as tabairt rólaíró dóib.

Do labair ré mar reo, lá, le fear naomta, darb' ainm do Colga.

"An bean díada cráibteac do mátaí?"

"Ír dois liom gur b'ead," arsa Colga.

"Imeig anoir go h-Éirínn agus fíorpuis ví go cruinn baileac iosaob nún-peacáó marbteac ná h-innreann rí i b'aoiríóin i n-aon éor."

Do gluaíró Colga go h-Éirínn, agus do céirtis ré a mátaí; do céil rí an fírinne air i tórad, act fá deirtead o'adomuis rí an peacáó; fuair rí abrolóir, agus éainis ríotcán Dé agus rólaíró aigne éuici aíríró.

#### OBÁIR RÓ-DIAN.

"Cao tá as cur ort iníu, a átaí?" arsa Diarmuid le Colum, lá dá naib ré go b'ónac t'iom-éiríóeac.

"Íl h-aon ionganad óom beic b'ónac," arsa Colum; tá an t-Abb Láiríán ró dian ar mo manais bocta i n-Dáir Máis; tá cis móir gá éógbaíl aca ann, agus tá ríad coréa, t'náirte ó obair t'iom."

Ar an nóimead ran do bog éiríóe Láiríán agus do glac ríuas é do na manais, agus eus ré ceat dóib a ríit do leigint, agus lón bíó agus víge do éatíam.

Lá eile do lúis ré amac "Caba rí! Cabaí!"

"Cao na éaob tuic a beic as lúisrúg mar rín, a átaí?" arsa beiré manac a bí i n-éinfeact leir.

"Ó'óruigear o'aingeal a bí annró b'eic air fear a bí

Sunday Columcille invited him to read Mass, both of them together.

Columcille looked attentively on Cronan when he was at the altar, and said: "May Christ bless you, brother! Consecrate alone according to Episcopal rite, for I now know you are a bishop. Why did you remain so long concealed without receiving those marks of respect, which are due to the Episcopal Order?"

The bishop, and all who were present, wondered at the heaven-sent knowledge of Columcille, and they praised God.

Columcille used his wonderful light and knowledge to help poor sinners, for he loved them tenderly, and never failed to assist them by prayer and good advice.

One day he addressed a holy man named Colga, and said to him: "Is your mother a pious woman?" "I think she is," said Colga. "Well, go now to Ireland," said the Saint, "and inquire of her very carefully about a heavy secret sin which she does not wish to confess to anyone."

Colga sailed to Ireland, and questioned his mother about the matter. She denied the truth at first, but at last she confessed her sin, received absolution, and recovered peace of mind.

### OVERWORK.

Columcille was very sad one day. "What troubles you, father?" asked Dermott. "I have good cause for grief," said Columcille, "for the Abbot Laisran is working my poor monks too hard in Durrow at the building of the great house, and they are already worn out with heavy labour."

That very instant Laisran felt his heart touched with great pity, and he gave rest and refreshment to the weary monks.

Another day the Saint was heard to cry out: "Help! Help!" "Why, father, do you cry out so?" anxiously inquired the monks beside him. "I ordered an angel who was here to help a man who was falling from the highest point of the building in Durrow, and see! before

as tuicim ó'n bpointe ip doiríoe de'n tigh nuad i n'Dair  
máig; asur feud, pul ar fhoir ré an talam do rug an  
t-aingeal gneim daingean air, asur ceud molaó le Dia  
nion bain dochar ná díoghbail do'n bfeair. Nac iongantac  
é luatact na n-aingeal!"

### AN CORR-IASG Ó ÉIRINN.

Do glaoó ré ar duine de na bráitrib lá, asur ar reirean  
leir:—"I gceann trí lá imtigh-re ríor go dtí an tráig  
asur geobair ann corri-iasg faon-las corra tháirte tar  
éir an tuirair faoa a bí air ó Éirinn. Beir leat ircead i  
tigh de'n cómarpanact é, asur tabair aipe máit dó ar  
fead trí lá, ó'r ruo é sur om' trí outcáir féin a táinig ré.  
Nuair a beir ré tascáite cuise féin rgaol tar n-air aipir é  
go h-Éirinn, trí mo ghaó." Táinig an corri-iasg oíneac  
fé mar a tuidair Colum: bí ré buailte amac ó'n garb-  
fion asur ó'n tuirair faoa: tugad aipe máit dó, asur tar  
éir trí lá d'eitill ré tar n-air go h-Éirinn.

### DIOGALTAS AR DÁOINE URCDÓIDEAC.

Do máir, le linn na h-aimríne rin, i n-oileán ar a  
nglaodtar anoir Islay, fear urcdóideac malluigte. Do  
cuir ré cun báir, san truaig, san cair, deóiríoe uaral de  
treib na Cruicíneac do cuir Colum fe n-a cóimírce.

Fuair an t-urcdó-fear ro báir obann, asur connaic Colum  
a anam as dul ríor go h-írrionn. Connaic ré mar  
d'gceudna anam t-urcdó-fir eile—fear a máir a dearb-  
páir, asur a bí go t-urcdó-beurac, t-urcdó-iomcúrac i móran  
ruigte eile—d'a péiríoe ríor cun na bríanta ríorruirde.  
Do díultáig ré áitruige do deanam nuair d'iarair Colum air  
é. I ríomda ruo iongantac mar rin a connaic ré nac  
péiríoe cuir ríor a deanam anro orra.

### AN RAE ÓRDA AS DUL FAOI.

Rae orda, san don gó, do b'eac Colum: rae do rgaip  
rotur lonnrac an t-Soirgél ar Éirinn asur ar Albain,  
asur do ruais amac arca go brat toirceac an péacac,  
asur toirceac an págántac.

he reached the earth the angel caught him up, without hurt or harm, and saved him. Oh, how wonderful is the swiftness of the holy angels ! ”

---

### THE POOR CRANE.

Columcille called a brother another day, and said to him : “ After three days go down to the beach and you shall find there a crane quite wearied and exhausted after its long journey from Ireland in the rough weather. Take it into a neighbouring house and give it good care for three days, for it will have come from my own native land. When it shall have recovered let it fly home to Eire, the country of my love.” The crane came, and weary and tired it was, but the brother cared it tenderly and after three days it spread out its wings and flew home joyfully across the sea.

---

### WICKED PEOPLE PUNISHED.

There lived in an island now known as Islay a fierce, wicked man called Feredach. He put to a cruel death an exiled Pictish nobleman whom Columcille had placed under his protection. The wicked Feredach died suddenly, and the Saint saw his soul go down to hell.

He also saw the soul of another bad man going down into eternal pains because he killed his brother, and committed many sins against good morals, and refused to do penance as he had advised him to do.

In the same way he saw the soul of a man, who filled a high station in Ireland, lost for ever on account of his bad life and impenitence.

---

### THE GOLDEN MOON SINKING.

Our dear and blessed Saint was now drawing towards his end. The golden moon, that so long shone bright and full over Ireland and Scotland, was waning—fading away into the glorious dawn of God’s eternal day.

Ácť anoir bí an rae órda cún toul faoi; bí an t-aor as  
 t'uirdeamaint le Colum; bí ré caitte, cñonna, claoirte  
 ó'n faogal; ba mian leir anoir bár o'fagáil, asur beir go  
 ríor i bpoctair Cñiort.

Tus na manais re nbeana, lá, go raib re an-ácarac, an-  
 lutgáineac, ácť sur eirig ré an-bñonac o'ineac 'na diair  
 rin. O'fiarraig beirt manac oe—Lugbeus ó éirinn, asur  
 Pílu ó Sapan—cao fac óo beir com bñonac ran asur an  
 ácar go leir a bí air cúpla nóimeao noime rin.

"Inneorpat oib an fac," ar reirean; "má geallparó ríob  
 dom ná rgeitiró ríob mo rún o'énne fairó a'r mairfeao."  
 Tugaoar an geallamaint rin oó.

"O'iarraig ar Dia," arfa Colum; óm' cñorbe amac, go  
 bpaíann bár, dá mb'é á toil naomta é, nuair a beao beir  
 mbliadna ar rício caitte agam i n-Albain. Oo tus Dia  
 torpac ar mo fúirde asur oo cuir ré aingeal eugam cún  
 m'anama oo tionntacan Cuise féin tar éir mo báir: ácť  
 fairíor! oo géill Dia oo paitreaca na bñiaraon asur tá  
 ceit're bliadna eile curta le m' faogal."

### na ceit're bliadna roim a bás.

Ir iomda ruo a cñonnac Colum i ríe na ceit're bliadna  
 ro. Oudair ré leir na manais, lá, go bpaac ré anam  
 Columbanur an gaba as toul ruar go glórmar cún flaitir  
 Oé i bpoctair na h-aingeal! 'Sé á captaannaacť oo boctair  
 Oé oo tuill na flaitir oo.

Lá eile asur é 'n-a donair o'airig na manais é as raob ór  
 apó:—"Ó ir doibinn tuit-re á bean! Ir doibinn asur ir  
 ponarac an lá tuit é! Feuc na h-aingeal as bñeir  
 o'anama leo go parracar, an luac raotair acá tuillte  
 asat i otaob oo pubáilceacťa."

Bliadán 'na diair rin oo eualaoar é á raob:—"Cim anam  
 na mná beannuigťe úo as teacť anuar o Neam i gcoinnib  
 anama á rir; feuc, tá na beamain as cñoir leir na  
 h-aingealair as iarparó na h-anama oo bñeir leo asur tá  
 rí as cabruacť leir na h-aingealair. Oo teir ar na  
 beamain: tá an anam rábálta!"

Cñonnac ré mar á' gceutna anam Naom bñeantain ó  
 bñiara as toul ruar ar Neam go glórmar, glan-roillreacť.

With St. Paul, our Saint desired to be dissolved and to be with Christ.

He appeared one day very joyful. Soon, however, he seemed to grow downcast and sad. Two monks were present, Lugbeus from Ireland, and Pilu from England. They asked him why, after such great joy, he became so strangely sad. "I will tell you," he said, "but promise not to reveal now what I am going to say. With my whole heart I asked God," he continued, "to let me die when I should have lived thirty years in Scotland, and the Lord heard my prayer; and He had sent angels to bear away my soul after my approaching death. But alas! God has now yielded to the prayers of the Faithful, and has prolonged my life for four years more."

---

#### THE FOUR YEARS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

During these four years Columcille was wrapt up in the contemplation of God and heavenly things, and he saw many wonderful things.

He exclaimed one day: "I see the soul of Columbanus, the smith, ascending to heaven in the company of the angels! He merited heaven by the labour of his hands and his charity to the poor."

On another occasion he exclaimed in a transport: "O happy woman! O, happy woman! The angels carry your soul to heaven in reward of your virtues." And after a year Columcille was again heard to say: "I see the soul of that blessed woman coming down from heaven to meet the soul of her husband at death's hour. See! she is helping the angels to fight the demons who are striving to gain possession of his soul. They have failed! The soul is saved!"

He saw the soul of St. Brendan, of Birr, going up to heaven in great glory. Such was the splendour of Brendan's soul that Columcille saw that it illuminated the whole world. He directed his monks to celebrate a solemn High Mass to thank God for Brendan's happiness.

He said a Mass of Thanksgiving for the happy death of the holy Bishop Coleman; and he also saw his soul ascend gloriously to heaven.



Ói a anam comhpoillreac, agus comhluinn rin, sur rḡair  
a polur ar fuair an domhain. D'orruis ré 'a manais  
d'ro-difneann do leigead cun buideadair do gabáil le  
Dia mar gheall ar bap glóiriar naomh b'neanóin.

### na laeteanta deireannaí.

Ói na ceit're bliadna caite anoir, agus da mba toil le  
Dia, ba mian le Colum a beit imearf na naomh a' na  
n-aingeal.

Do t'riall ré, la, ar carbad go t'ci feirm 'na raib na  
manais as obair, agus ar reirean leó:—"A b'ráit'neac  
ba m'or an t'uil a b' asam a beit le Cnóir an bealtaine  
reo caite asainn, aet nár mair liom a beit búr scur  
t'rió céile i n-ainm'ir beannuighe na Cárta, cé gur tug  
Dia ceo imteacta dom an uair rin. D'feair liom, am,  
panamaint tamail beag eile in-éirfeact lib." Annap  
do beannuig ré an t-oileán a' do t'ibir ré na h-oll-piartí  
amad ar.

An Domnac 'na diair rin, agus é as éirfeact a'pinn  
connaic ré aingeal as t'uirling ó'n r'pér agus as teact  
irfeact an eagla. Ói an t-atar agus an doibneap do  
cuir an raobair ro 'na cnóir, le feicrint go poiléir ar a  
gnúir.

"A atair," arfa na manais: "cao 'na taob tuit a beit  
comh lutháirfeact an?"

"Aingeal ó'n Tighearna a t'ainis annro ar loig reoir  
uapail: do beannuig ré rinn go léir agus annap d'eitill  
ré ruar ar Neamh a'p'ir."

D'a anam fein 'reac do tagair Colum, aet níor tug na  
manais b'is na b'ocal an uair rin.

### "Dia sacharn mo lá cun suain."

An Sacharn 'na diair rin cuair an naomh amad cun a  
beannaet do cuir ar feirm eile. Ar feicrint na r'acai  
arbaire do, t'ubairt ré:—"Molaim mo manais i taob  
plúirre agus r'airinge a scuro arbaire, óir, m'ar toil le  
Dia mire do t'ógaint Cuige fein, beir a dá noótain lóin  
aca im' diair."

St. Columcille was indeed another St. John in his Island of Patmos, and God revealed to him in Iona many wonderful things about this world and the world to come.

---

### COLUMCILLE'S LAST DAYS.

The four years were now past, and the Saint longed for heaven and God, for the company of the glorious angels and saints.

One day he was taken out to a farm where the monks were working, and he spoke to them most sweetly and affectionately. He added: "I greatly desired to go to Christ last May, but I did not like to trouble you in the joyous Easter time, although my Divine Lord gave me leave to depart this life. I preferred to remain longer amongst you lest I should cause you sorrow."

He then blessed his dear Iona for the last time, and, as we are told, banished all reptiles for ever from it.

The following Sunday, as the Saint was hearing Mass, he saw in the church an angel descending and ascending, and his heart so overflowed with joy that it showed itself in joyous raptures.

"Father, you are more than ever joyful to-day," said the monks. "Yes, yes, an angel of the Lord came here in search of a precious treasure: he blessed us all, and has returned on high again from the church."

Columcille spoke of his own soul and the angel of death: but the monks understood not yet the meaning of his words.

---

### "SATURDAY, MY DAY OF REST."

The Saint went out again on the next Saturday to bless the monks at work, and seeing two large stacks of corn he said: "I congratulate my monks on their plentiful

- "Se reo an Satapn, agus 'ré a d'alluigeann Satapn ná daimínear, nó por ó obair; agus go deimhin beiré ré 'na Satapn fuaímnéac agam-ra, mar 'ré an lá deiréannac dom' noál a, agus leigseao mo ríot tar éir cuairt-oibre an ríogáil reo. Dia Domhnais reo cugáinn ar uair an deádon-oróde beao-ra i bpoáir mo fínnreap, mar foillrís Dia dom é."

---

an seán-cápall bán.

"Leig do'n ainmiche boct," ar peirean leo: "cúir Dia i n-ádh do, ar cuma éigin iongantach naé féidir linn a tuiscint, go bfuilim-re cun báir o'fásáil, agus éainis ré annro go ceanaíáil, bádmáir, cun plán o'fásaint asam." Do beannuis ré annran é agus o'imicis an pean-  
capall go bionac cun riubail.

Digitized by Google

supply of corn, for if God should take me they have, nevertheless, provisions in abundance."

"Father," said the monk Dermott, "you are causing us great sorrow by speaking so often about leaving us." "I will tell you a secret Dermott," said Columcille, "if you promise to keep it to yourself until I am gone." And Dermott promised. "This is Saturday," said the aged Saint, "and Saturday means sabbath, rest; and, truly, it will be Saturday for me, for it will be the last day of my life. I will take my rest after the hard work of this world, and at midnight I shall be gathered to my fathers as my Lord has revealed to me."

The faithful Dermott wept bitterly on hearing these sad words; but Columcille consoled him and soothed his grief.

---

#### THE OLD WHITE HORSE.

They then returned towards the monastery. On the way back the Saint sat down to rest, for he was weak and wearied. And see! the white horse of the monastery that used to carry the milk from the farmyard came up to where he sat and put its head in the Saint's bosom. It seemed to be overpowered with sorrow, and to weep as if gifted with reason, and knew that its master was about to die.

When they were driving the horse away, he said to them: "Let the poor creature alone that is so affectionate as to lay its head in my bosom. The Lord has made known to it, in some wonderful way, that I am about to die." He then blessed the horse, and it moved away sorrowfully. Columcille then rose up and walked to an elevation overlooking the monastery, and said: "This place is lowly now and narrow, but it shall be honoured hereafter, not only by the Kings of Scotland, but by the kings and great ones of the neighbouring countries, and by all the peoples, and by the saints of the Church."

And all the wide world knows how truly his words have been fulfilled.

H

fuair na h-Európa. 'Do comhlionadh go beaict shac a n-ubairt Colum i dtuath oileain í.

### bás Columcille.

Táinig Colum irtead 'ra mainistir a' t-ornuig ré as ríob na ráltna. Bí ré as ríob an t-riomadh raim deus ar ríob nuair a táinig ré ar an beanna ro:—"Iad ro a ríob ar lons an Tighearna ní ceiltrean ní ar bí orra;" 'do ríob ré annan asur ubairt ré:—"ríobadh bairín an cuio eile de;" ríob iad na ríobal t'as ré as bairín cun ríob:—"Tighearna a ríob, asur éiríghíom liom; mairfeadh-ra tób eagla an Tighearna."

'Do Colum féin 'do tagair an cuio beanna mar bí ré cun na ríobuirda gíomair 'do ríobuigh: 'do bairín 'do tagair an t-anna beanna, mar b'é comairda Colum é. Tar éir ríobuigh na h-oirde 'do ríob, táinig Colum amad ar an eagla asur 'do ríob ré ar an gíob a bíob mar leabair aige, asur tug ré a comairle deana 'do na manais, cé ná ríob lártna a' t-Ornuigh:—"Bíob carannad asur ríobán 'nbur mearg i gcomnuigh, asur tabairt 'Dia bur n-oirde de ríob an t-Ornuigh ríob tób; asur nuair beo-ra i b-oirde 'De na gíob ríobuigh ar búr ríob." B'fín i a comairle deana.

Nuair 'do buail an clog i lár na h-oirde as gíobad ar na manais cun Matins, t'oirde an Naomh go ríob asur 'do ríob ré go mear irtead ríob eagla ríob na manais eile: 'do ríob ré é féin ar an úrlár ar a' t-Ornuigh an a' t-Ornuigh ré as gíob le ríobuigh ríob.

'Do lean Ornuigh é, asur nuair a táinig go ríob na h-eagla ríob ríob ré go ríob an a' t-Ornuigh go ríobuigh le ríob gíobuigh ríob, a' t-Ornuigh an ríob nuair a cuair ré irtead.

'Do gíob Ornuigh a:—"A a' t-Ornuigh, cá b'fín? Cá b'fín?" Tar éir cuairt 'do ar ríob ríobuigh le na lártna, mar bí ré an ríob nuair t'oirde an ríob ríobuigh a bí ann asur é as ríob irtead, fuair ré Colum ríob ar an úrlár i ríobuigh an bair. 'Do ríob ré 'na ríobuigh é asur ríob ré a ríob an a' t-Ornuigh Colum a

### THE DEATH OF COLUMCILLE.

Columcille then retired to the monastery, and his trembling hand was soon at work again copying the Psalter. He was then at the Thirty-third Psalm. When he came to the verse: "They that seek the Lord shall not be deprived of any good," he stopped, and said: "Let Baithen write what follows." And these are the words that follow: "Come, children, hearken to me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord."

The first verse regarded Columcille, for he was about to enter into the possession of eternal life and of all good things. The second verse regarded Baithen, who was Columcille's successor, and father over the children of Iona.

The Saint then went into the church to say the early night Office. When he came back he sat on the stone which had served him for bed, and then gave his last advice to his children, although only Dermott was present:

"Keep charity and peace amongst you, and God will give you sufficiency in this world, and eternal rest in Paradise. And when I shall be with God I will pray for you." These were his last words.

When the bell rang in the middle of the night for the Office called Matins, the Saint rose up quickly, and was soon in the church before the other monks. He threw himself down on the earth before the Altar, and began his last fervent prayer before his God in the Eucharist.

The faithful Dermott hastened in after him, and he saw a brilliant light which illuminated the whole church. But the splendour disappeared as he entered.

Dermott began then to cry out: "Father, where are you? Father, where are you?" After having searched for some time feeling everywhere with his hands, for the place was not yet lighted, he found the Saint lying on the floor in the agony of death. Kneeling down beside him, Dermott raised the Saint's head and placed it on his bosom. The monks were coming in with lights. The Saint opened his eyes, and looked up to heaven and around him whilst a smile of joy lit up his holy countenance. Dermott raised the hand of the dying Saint to bless the monks, who were now crowding around. Columcille moved his

fáile agus o'feuc ré anáirde agus annran moir-éimceall  
aí, agus feudaínt foibhí, roḡad ar a ḡnuir. O'árouis  
Diarumio a lám cun go dtadarrad ré a beannaíct do na  
manaíḡ a bí láitneac: do corruis 'an Naom a lám, do tug  
ré a beannaíct dóib, do érom ré a ceann agus fuair ré  
bár.

O'eus ré ar an naomab lá de mheiteam an t-Samraio  
cuairim na bliadna 597 i n-aoir a' ré bliadna deus a'r  
tí fícto.

Do h-adlacad é i n-í, 'na diaib rin o'airtneac do  
Dunkeld é, agus fá deois do tugad a luaithe go h-Éirinn,  
agus tá ré anoir ran uais ceutna i n-éineac le Naom  
páorais agus Naom Driḡto i ḡCondae an Dúin as feiteam  
le ḡlaod an aingil.

### Labrann colum linn pós.

Cé go bfuil Columcille 'ran uais leir na ciantaib  
maireann a rprio go beo imearḡ na nḡaebeal. Tá a  
cuio rḡribinn ḡsainn mar cuimneacán ar deas rompla a  
beata diaob, oirdeire.

I' tpuas ná cuirtear i n-easair a cuio rḡribinn cun  
aor-óis na h-Éireann do teasarḡ a'r do múinead.

### bíod na ḡaeóil dílis do colum.

Níor mair ḡaebeal riam go raib ḡrad a éoride com  
ḡreamuigte 'na tír outáir, a'r do bí ḡrad Colum o'  
Éirinn. Nuair a tug ré a cúl ar Éirinn, ar pon íora  
Criorc, cun an t-Soirḡeil do éraob-rḡaoilead imearḡ  
páḡanac na h-Alban, níor laḡóuis ḡrad a éoride o'Éirinn.  
Do éoin ré go fúigead as páḡaint Éire do:—"Tá fúil ḡlar  
de ríor as amáir ar Éirinn; dearcaim ó torac mo luinge  
ar an muir mór-fairing, agus tagann na deora suir im'  
fúilib nuair a dearcaim i tpeó na h-Éireann. Éire 'na  
bfuil ceol na n-eun go binn-ḡlórac: Éire 'na ḡcanaro  
na cléir níor binne, agus níor ceolmaire ná na h-eunlaite:  
an áit go bfuil na h-ogánaíḡ go modamail, agus na  
rean-daoiné go cuigronac. Tá mo éoride o'a ḡlad a'r

hand, gave his last blessing to his children, bowed his head and died.

Columcille died on the 9th of June, in the year 597, that is thirteen hundred years ago now, and his age was about 76 years.

He was buried at first in Iona. Afterwards his bones were carried to Dunkeld in Scotland, and finally to Downpatrick, where in the same grave with Patrick and Brigid they await the Resurrection of the Dead.

---

#### COLUMCILLE STILL SPEAKS.

Columcille is dead but he speaks still. He speaks to us in his works and writings, but above and more than all, in the example of his holy and noble life.

Would that some loving hand gathered up his writings and sayings for the instruction of Ireland's youth.

---

#### IRELAND SHOULD NOT FORGET.

Did ever Irishman love his native land more tenderly than Columcille? When he made himself an exile for Jesus Christ's sake to preach the Gospel to Pagan Scotland, he did not love Ireland the less. He wept as his ship bore him away from her shore: "There is a grey eye ever turning towards Eire. I look from the high prow of my boat on the wide sea, and there are great tears in my eyes as I turn to Eire, where the songs of the birds are so melodious, and where the clerics sing as sweetly as the birds: where the young are so gentle and the old so wise. My heart is breaking in my breast. If I die soon it is for the love that I bear to the Gael."

Yes, Columcille is dead, but he still speaks, and bids us love Ireland with tender love. The story of his life tells us how *he* proved that love. May we not ask ourselves, as we finish the reading of his Life, what *we* have done, or are doing now, to show that we follow in his footsteps?



oá fhuom le bhrón, agus má'r bár go luath dom é, 'ré mo  
sraith do Clanna Gaedhal ip cionntac.'

Anoir ar epiochnuadh rgeil beata Columcille dúinn,  
níor níroé dúinn an ceirt reo do cuip orpáinn fein: Cao  
tá beanta aghainn-na, nó cao tá 'sá déanamh aghainn ar fon  
na h-éireann? Tá ar Naomh Glórmhar ran úir leir na  
ceutacib bliadhna, áct tá rompla a beata go roiléir ór ar  
scomhair, agus éirítear dúinn sur eus ré sraith a éiríde  
go h-iomlán do Dia na glóire: sur eus ré sraith a éiríde  
fíor-gaedhalais o'á talamh dútcáir éire, agus cé go raib  
a éiríde oá fhuom le bhrón agus le cumha ar imteact ar  
éirínn oó, o'imtíis ré ar a fon ran fein go h-umail cun  
briatár Dé do múinead do na págánaís, agus cun  
eaglaise éiríre do cuip ar bun 'na meais. Da cóir go  
mbead bhró agus mórdáil orpáinn-na mar sgeall ar obair  
Columcille: go mbead sraith ar sgoríde spéamuisge i  
sgeirídeam éiríre: go mbead sraith aghainn o'ár o'ir  
dútcáir, agus do sácl nro a báineann léi.

Ar fead éiríre bliadhna deus ar fícto, o'fan Columcille  
i n-Albain as raotruadh an éiríom as múinead na  
noaoine agus sá reolad cun Dé. Daoine san leigean  
san fogluim, do b'eas na Sapanais le linn na h-aimpíre  
reo, áct fuair Colum mór-cuio o'á noas, sá múinead  
agus sá o'abailit cun an éiríom. Agus níor dearmáio  
ré iao tar éir a báir, mar ip tío a easar-suirde do  
cuinead ré cóir an págántaact i Sapan.

### OBÁIR ÓIAN AGUS PAIDIREOIREACT.

Deró deas-rompla beata Columcille go beo i sgoróitib  
Gaedhal go deo na noeoir.

Sgoláire fíor-óimín clírte do b'eas é: bí eolar beact  
aige ar na Scripctúirib, agus ar diadairídeact: ar fílitídeact  
ar ceol agus ar foillíruadh lámh-risibinn: bíod ré  
i scomhuirde as suirde cun Dé, as déanamh áitíge, agus  
as railmeasact: le coir rin a' uile do cuip ré ar  
bun rsoilleanna, mainíreacá, agus eaglaí: o'oiríis ré  
an nór Naomh Páipais, agus do eus ré cine críde na  
h-Alban go léir cun an éiríom. Agus ní h-amáin ran:

Columcille loved God with all the enthusiasm of a Celtic saint; and he loved God's poor. He pitied the captive and defended the oppressed. He loved the Church of God, and though it made his heart bleed to leave Ireland he left Ireland to carry abroad the Gospel and plant the Church amongst Pagans.

---

#### **SCOT AND SAXON SHOULD NOT FORGET.**

His love was not selfish or narrow.

He gave his heart to Scotland and the Saxons too. He became Scotland's great Apostle. For thirty-four years he laboured for Scotland and the salvation of her children.

The Saxons in those days were Pagans, and uneducated. Columcille did much to convert and educate them. And after death he did not cease to love them, for by his intercession was won the great battle which broke for ever the power of paganism in England. Columcille should never be forgotten by Scotland and England.

---

#### **PRAYER AND STUDY AND LABOUR.**

Columcille is dead, but the example of his glorious life will never die.

Labour and study and prayer filled up his noble life. He studied Theology and the Scriptures profoundly; he was skilled in the art of poetry, music and illuminating manuscripts: he prayed for hours, performed heroic penances, sang the Psalms in choir and preached: he founded schools and monasteries and churches: he laboured like another Apostle, Patrick, and converted a whole Nation. And with all that he toiled with his hands in the fields, carried sacks from the mill to the monastery and worked with his monks at the buildings, and no one worked harder than he.

Truly a wonderful example of a blessed life, full of great works for God and for men.

o'uibrigeadó ré amuis 'rna páirceannaib do beireadó  
ré coirice ó'n muillion go dtí an mainirtir: o'uibrigeadó  
ré le n-a manais as tógbáil tigte, agus ní oibrigeadó  
éinne níor déine ná é.

D'iongantac, agus ba naomta an beata do cáit ré, as  
obair do Dia agus do'n éinead daona!

### ÁR NGUIDE DEIREANNAC.

Go raib sút Columcille go deo 'nár scluasaib, agus  
deas-íompla a beata go ríor or ár gcomhair cun rínn a  
ríúrad ar flúge na fírinne! Go raib "Colum" mar ainm  
bairte i n-gac lion-tíge ar fuaid na h-Éireann cun go  
mbeao ré mar córaint agus mar díorion aca, ar cealgaib  
an domáin agus an diabail. Go dtugtar a dualgar onóra  
o'á lá féile, an naomta lá de Meiteamh an t-Samhraid,  
agus go raib ré 'na lá luígháiriac ácarac doibinn as  
óghaib na h-Éireann agus na h-Alban.

Go breicream an lá, agus nára ríada uainn é, nuair foill-  
reófar glóir agus cáil Columcille i n-gac ríoil agus  
easlaí ar fuaid na h-Éireann.

Go dtugtar molaó agus glóire do tríú teangain agus  
ceol, agus lúirdeact na h-Éireann. Go murgaltar nuad-  
báir na h-Éireann cun glóire ár naomh oirdeiric do  
canaó ionnur go bpanfad a cáil, agus a clú agus cuimne  
ríor-duan ar a beata naomta i gcroíoch Sádeal go deo  
na ndéir. Amen.

A Críoc.

Columcille is, indeed, gone from us, but he speaks still, and his example is still a shining light to the men of Eire and Alba.

---

#### **OUR FAREWELL PRAYER.**

May his children hear his voice and follow in his steps.

May we love this loving Saint, and invoke him in our prayers. May his name be given to our Irish children that he may protect them. May his Feast Day, the Ninth of June, be kept holy throughout the Land—a day of prayer and supplication for Ireland and Scotiand, a day of rejoicing for our young people in University and College, and in every one of Ireland's schools.

—  
May school and pulpit celebrate each year the glories of St. Columcille's life. May Ireland's own Music and Language and Literature be used to praise and glorify him. May Ireland's new Bards awake and sing the glories of their own Columcille.

Columcille is dead, but may Ireland's love for him never die, and may his protection never fail us ; may his memory never perish, nor his spirit depart from our Land ! Amen !  
Amen !

**THE END.**

---

**M. H. GILL & SON, LTD.,**  
**DUBLIN.**

---



**RETURN TO: CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT**  
**198 Main Stacks**

LOAN PERIOD 1 Home Use	2	3
4	5	6

**ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS.**

Renewals and Recharges may be made 4 days prior to the due date.  
 Books may be renewed by calling 642-3405.

**DUE AS STAMPED BELOW.**

**MAR 11 2001**

**SENT ON ILL**

**FEB 24 2003**

**U. C. BERKELEY**

**JAN 02 2004**

**JAN 28 2009**

FORM NO. DD6  
 50M

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY  
 Berkeley, California 94720-6000

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C063897852



